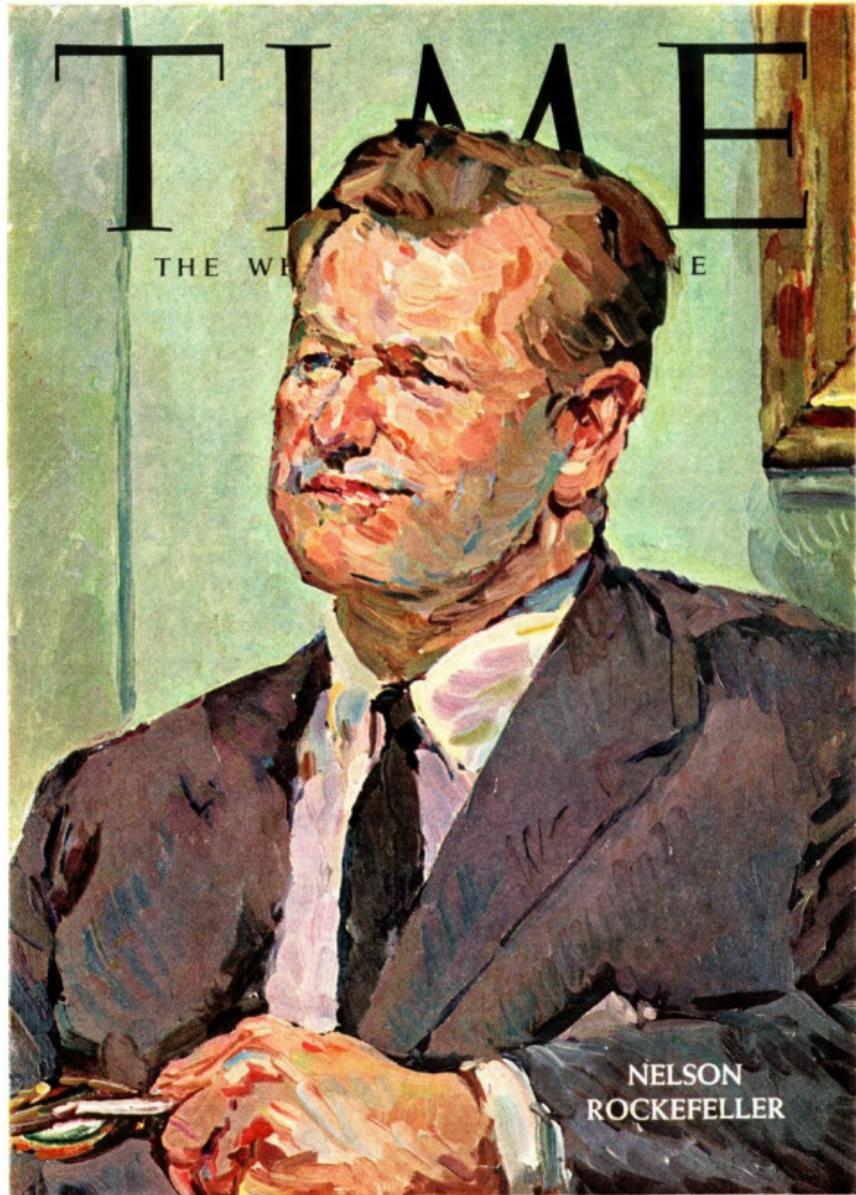


TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JUNE 15, 1962



HENRY KOERNER

VOL. LXXIX NO. 24

ISSUE NO. 15, 1962



IMPERIAL CROWN FOUR-DOOR SOUTHERN TON

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Within the month, you and your colleagues in the legal profession will be offered personal use of a new Imperial for a thorough driving test.

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So we propose that you alert your secretary for the arrival of our invitation. Should it fail to reach you, and you find our road-test offer intriguing, simply write to: General Manager, Imperial Division, 12200 East Jefferson, Detroit, Michigan. Arrangements will be made promptly.

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America's Most Carefully Built Car



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Are you showering more, but enjoying it less? Come to Crane; your search for the perfect shower is over!

Was the last really invigorating shower you enjoyed the one at your country club? Did it perk you up? Cover you with plenty of water?

Now, Crane has one for your home that's even better.

The new Criterion showerhead gives you spray that's not only wetter, but wetter where it ought to be. On you. Not the walls. It has no hollows, no stray jets. And won't clog even if your water's hard.

Crane also has a wonderful device to keep shower temperature constant. No icy blasts! No scalding bursts—even when someone else runs water.

The Crane people are specialists in making bathrooms work like a charm.

Dial-eze faucets are virtually dripproof. Singl-eze faucets let you control both volume and temperature with one lever. And all Criterion de luxe trim has sparkling lucite handles and satiny brush or polished chrome finish. It adds that special touch of luxury to any bathroom.

Write for Crane's new brochure "I"—full of ideas for anyone planning to buy, build or remodel a home. And look up the Crane man in your community. He represents one of America's great single source manufacturers—with a broad range of products from big new bathtubs to complex industrial piping. Crane Co., N.Y. 22, N.Y.; Crane Canada Ltd., Montreal, Quebec.



Dial-operated single unit control
for new Celeste lavatory



Sparkling lucite handle



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Singl-eze faucet



Criterion thermostatic
mixing valve for showers

McGRAW- EDISON COMPANY

40 operating units in pursuit
of the better way for
your better living...for the
home...utilities...industry



IN NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBMARINES, specially-designed Akron electric ranges use small space while doing heavy-duty service. Two of these ranges—each 2 feet deep by just over 3 feet wide—handle all the cooking for the entire crew of more than 100 men on many Polaris missile subs. Other Akron marine cooking equipment also serves aboard U.S. combat and commercial ships. *Toastmaster Division.*

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Thomas A. Edison®



IN HOMES, new Coolerator® Compact air conditioner combines an efficient room air conditioner for summer with a practical electrostatic air filter for year-round use. Its exclusive Lectrofilter® removes dust, soot—even smoke! Easily cleaned, too. (To remove it, simply tilt back the magnetic front panel.) Do-it-yourself flush mounting in minutes with supersafe "Jiffy-Mount." *Albion Division.*

Found: Eight better ways!



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Phase-Isolated® LTC transformer provides phase regulation of the voltage of each phase of a 3-phase transformer. Unique design, compact unit design for safety, flexibility, economy. *Pennsylvania Transformer Division.*



Edison® annunciator alerts operators to abnormal conditions in industries with process variables. Standard or multi-range pointers. Solid-state components for reliability and long service. *Instrument Division.*



Cascades® washer-extractor combines two functions in one labor-saving machine. Large capacity, yet it takes only 100 by 80 inches of floor space. *American Laundry Machinery Industries.*



World War II tankers are enlarged by inserting a new midsection. This requires uprating power motors and prime movers generally, with redesigned windings built and also installed by *Nuisance Electric, Cast Div.*



New Dynabeam aluminum box-type evaporative cooler is strong and economical for substations and other uses. Made completely by welding, no welding, riveting or bolt holes. *Arctic Division.*



Arctic Circle® evaporative air cooler is a good choice at low cost. Sliding damper shuts out winter cold and facilitates quick cleaning. *International Metal Products Division.*

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Home, Utilities, Industry



*Words to live by—Edison's motto still characterizes the products of the McGraw-Edison Company. May we send you a handsome 6" x 9" framing copy? Simply write us on your business letterhead. McGraw-Edison Company, 1200 St. Charles Road, Elgin, Illinois.

A great diversity of products does not alone explain the McGraw-Edison "success story." To this must be added the *spirit* guiding each of the 40 McGraw-Edison operating units. It is the tradition—inherited from Thomas A. Edison himself—of constantly striving for *better ways* to serve the needs of an ever-expanding America. Some results of this effort are illustrated above.



If walking, shopping, walking, shopping all over town



gets you down



Let your fingers do the walking!

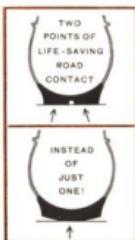
Shop the Yellow Pages way
Tired of touring the town for something — and not finding it? Let your fingers do the walking first. Through the Yellow Pages. What a handy local shopping guide! Just read the ads listed under the head-



ing you look up . . . you'll find useful information on brands, hard-to-find products and services, store locations and hours. Then, visit or call the dealer you select — the man you feel can best provide you with the exact product or service you want.



Dual treads make the General Dual 90 the longest wearing tire you can own



Dual 90s have two road-gripping treads. They divide and share the stresses that cause ordinary tire wear. They let you stop faster, safer! They stabilize your ride.

You ride in unsurpassed comfort. Internationally patented Odessa Rubber makes the difference. It's tough, resilient as a tire rubber ought to be... for big comfort... long wear. Forget tire failure worries. Dual 90s have Nygen Cord. It's stronger than steel cable. It quickly throws off tire-killing heat. Dual 90s seal punctures instantly. You keep driving! See the new General Dual 90 at your automobile or General Tire Dealer. Do it soon.

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LETTERS

On the Market

Sir:

Why was President Kennedy so quick to act regarding the economic effects of steel prices, and so slow to even recognize the stock market decline? If an economy is to be controlled, then the power that controls must at least be consistent—or is it O.K. to lose money but not O.K. to make money?

JOHN C. ZACHARIS

Claremont, Calif.

Sir:

How cleverly your cover artist, Robert Vickrey, concealed the unhappy face with tears dropping from dollar-sign eyes in the June 8 issue. This was truly a remarkable stroke of genius in a magazine cover. I had read the issue before I even knew who was on the cover. I was so engrossed in that background work.

MRS. JOHN DAVIDSON

Boston

Sir:

Jack Kennedy has found an asset to America in Academic Economist Heller: \$8 billion more in debt (temporarily, of course), gold reserves still declining, and the market down 150 points. With such an impressively "minus" record, I can hardly wait for the new tax reforms.

Now that our energetic leader has "this country moving again," it would be nice to try a forward gear.

EDWARD J. O'NEILL

University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati

Sir:

During the 1960 campaign, President Kennedy repeatedly promised to "get this country moving again." Last week a great many U.S. voters and investors discovered rather belatedly and painfully that the vehicle he had used to implement this movement was a toboggan.

MERLIN E. WOESNER, M.D.

Glendale, Calif.

Sir:

Congratulations on your timely article on the bear market. If the New Frontier has its way, this will, however, never happen again. The Government would insure investors against losses by guaranteeing to purchase securities at parity—the 1962 highs. The certificates will be stored in Billie Sol Estes' cotton warehouses. Called, STOC-CARE, the scheme will be a part of the social security program and cost only \$15 a year.

ROBERT R. BEAUDETTE

Oradell, N.J.

LETTERS

Sir:

TIME sure wept for the brave bulls. Here they were gorging greedily on inflation until their grain was cut off. These were the privileged 8% entitled to buy 100 shares of Anything, Inc. and live happily on dividends ever after.

It all depends on whose bull is being gored. We hired hands who have too much security but no securities still like that conservative old bromide that the world—and the stock market—doesn't owe anybody a living.

TOM PAYNE

Wilmette, Ill.

Sir:

I happen to be one of the many stockholders who lost some money in this market. But I can hardly blame President Kennedy or anybody else for my loss. Most of the people, including myself, wanted to make a "fast buck," but it just doesn't work out that way.

By the brokers' own admission, prices of stocks were much too high, so why all the excitement when prices fall? Nobody is forced into the market.

FERNAND A. BAUM

Little Neck, N.Y.

Sir:

The article on the stock market was excellent.

FRANK GREENWALL
Chairman

National Starch & Chemical Corp.
New York City

Sir:

Your statement "Itek . . . became [a] glamour stock even while . . . still operating in the red" [June 1] is not factual. Itek, founded in September 1957, initially had three profitable years, during which its sales moved from scratch to some \$30 million per year, and during which it fully justified investor confidence. Itek's fourth year ended "in the red," largely as a result of unanticipated problems, now being solved.

Your cover story on the market, however good its "gross message," missed one major point: a company pioneering new fields, based on good new ideas and unique people, is worth "more than average." Look at the list of major corporations in existence in 1900—how many still exist today? Similarly, to be sure, many "glamor" companies being founded today will not survive the next few decades. However, for the survivors, as invested today will be worth more than \$1 invested in a slower-growing, "established" company, even after speculative excesses have been subtracted. Itek intends to be one of the

survivors, perhaps one of the leaders, in the new field of Information Technology, which it has helped pioneer.

T. F. WALKOWICZ
Director

Itek Corp.
New York City

Sir:

Re your June 1 cover: Shouldn't the bear have had the bull by the horns?

(MRS.) MARY CALL
East Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

Cover Artist Chaliapin has pictorially represented a contention that I hold: investment is a blood sport.

DENIS P. MARTIN

Sydney, Australia

Sir:

The cover on the June 1 issue has so much force of action and color that I find it most compelling.

Chaliapin is to be congratulated for this both graphic and artistic painting.

(MRS.) REBECCA H. VAN HOUTEN
San Antonio

Color Them Livid or Laughing

Sir:

I am appalled that a magazine of TIME's caliber would stoop so low as to print "For Crayon Out Loud" [June 8]. It is a product of warped, sadistic minds.

(MRS.) BLANCHE A. McCLEARY
Baltimore

Sir:

I love you, I love you, I love you, for the coloring-book pages. I shall keep this issue forever. (It will probably be your last.)

(MRS.) THERESA BUNN
Baltimore

Sir:

TIME, June 8, gave me a pain—I laughed so hard over the cartoons "For Crayon Out Loud."

(MRS.) SOPHIE FLAGSTAD
La Mesa, Calif.

Sir:

Color that book subversive.

YVONNE COREY
Bal Harbour, Fla.

Sir:

I think Messrs. Drucker and Kannon have carried our freedom of speech and press a bit too far with their *J.F.K. Coloring Book*.

I'll color them with mud, if you please.

BARBARA MENSING
Ozone Park, N.Y.

Read No Evil

Sir:

It is surprising to me that Mr. Kennedy didn't just go ahead and call the *New York Herald Tribune* [June 8] a "gigantic corporation" and . . . well, you know the rest.

MICHAEL NICHOLSON
Pittsburgh

Sir:

It is true that when the stock market dipped recently President Kennedy canceled his subscription to the *Wall Street Journal*!

(MRS.) NORMA-JEAN BIELAWA
Evanston, Ill.

Swiss Miss

Sir:

I read the article about the visit to the U.S. of Ivory Coast's President Félix Houphouët-Boigny [May 25] and his exclamation as he

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got off the boat: "I am filled with emotion to arrive in this most solid democracy in the world."

If this sympathetic President thinks about solidity of democracy in terms of nuclear punch, I agree with him; if he is thinking, however, of the solidity of democratic institutions, I would like to invite him and Mme. Houphouet-Boigny to Switzerland.

FERNAND BERNOLLI
Swiss Ambassador to Mexico
Mexico City

► *Left Reader Bernoulli checks his address book. President and Mme. Houphouet-Boigny own a villa in Gstaad, Switzerland, and their daughter attends school there.—Ed.*

Image of a City

Sir:

Please accept our regard for your report on San Francisco crime [May 25].

We are deeply concerned with the image of our city. The facts are that there is no crime wave here and that there is no intention on the part of our neighborhood and community organizations to pre-empt the work and functions of the police, as some reports would have it.

You have brought the matter into clear focus looking at facts within the framework of the real situation, not the imagined or manufactured event.

G. L. FOX
Executive Vice President
San Francisco Chamber of Commerce
San Francisco

Folk-Girls

Sir:

If Joan Baez considers herself a folk singer [June 1], she is indeed mistaken. If she believes that by wearing burlap, communing with nature and refusing money, she can maintain an "ethnic" image, it is only to those pseudo-intellectual "preppies" and college "folkniks" that she appeals. Those who know something about folk music, publicizing oneself with the "hair to the navel, dirt in the toes" effect is the grossest form of commercialism.

I can only compare Joan Baez singing folk music to Joey Dee performing *La Traviata*.

ARTHUR PETZLA
New Shrewsbury, N.J.

Sir:

When I was a freshman at Boston University's School of Fine Arts, there was a girl with long, straight hair, bare feet and dungarees who sat in the school corridor playing a guitar and singing with a voice that contained magical gravity.

Students and teachers were gathered around her in response to her delicate, yet penetrating, song. This developed into a daily ritual.

Today, all respond to her—Joan Baez.

SUSAN LISS

Brighton, Mass.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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Peugeot 404 invites you to try this on your present car:

Photographed at the Peugeot testing grounds, Sochaux, France: Five seconds later this 404 was driven away. The rim of the headlight had fallen off.

The steel in a Peugeot 404 is .9mm thick. You could overturn the car (not that we recommend it) with scarcely a dent. The 404 was tested this way before going into production.

Every part in a Peugeot is inspected, nuts and bolts included. Every 404 is test-driven at the factory. (So is the Rolls-Royce.) Why? Pride. After 162 years, this is still a family business. The Peugeot 403 is rated one of the 7 best made cars in the world by John R. Bond, publisher of Road & Track. (The other

six: Rolls-Royce, Mercedes-Benz, Lancia, Lincoln Continental, Porsche and Rover.) The 404 is its elegant new brother.

The Peugeot 404 is very well made. If you listen closely, you can hear the engine running. Its price is \$2575* complete. Complete means complete. There are 422 Peugeot dealers, coast to coast. Open the sunroof and take a drive.





Big Daddy

Big Daddy is brand new. Big Daddy eats beards before breakfast. Big Daddy is strong. Big Daddy is fast (many a man will shave in 2 minutes). Big Daddy is tender. Big Daddy is smooth (women like what Big Daddy does). Big Daddy talks; crackles when he's cutting, hums when he's done. Big Daddy is what other shavers may some day grow up to be. Big Daddy is the end.

THIS IS WHERE BIG DADDY LIVES. IN THIS HANDSOME GIFT BOX (DOUBLES AS JEWELRY CASE), COMES WITH TRIM TRAVEL CASE, RONSON PRE-SHAVE, AFTER SHAVE LOTION, AND COIL CORD THAT STRETCHES 6 FEET.

The Ronson CFL 300 is Big Daddy to all electric shavers. It has a 36-blade Miracle cutter. The thinnest shaving screen. The biggest shaving area. And the closest, fastest, lightest touch of all. Super-Trim for long hairs and sideburns. Suggested retail price, \$29.50. Also available in Canada.

RONSON



THIS IS HOW BIG DADDY STAYS IN SHAPE ONCE A YEAR, SNAP IN A NEW MULTI-BLADE CUTTER AND SHAVING SCREEN (THE QUICK-CHANGE KIT HOLDS BOTH) IN 10 SECONDS AT HOME, BIG DADDY IS BRAND-NEW AGAIN.



Isn't it time to say **STOP**? Your taxes have been used for years to push this country a long way down the dangerous road toward government ownership of business. And some people are proposing that billions more in taxes be spent for the same purpose. • They are proposing, for instance, that the federal government build electric power plants and power lines with money from you and other taxpayers. Yet there's not the slightest need for this kind of spending. America's investor-owned electric light and power companies can supply and deliver all the additional electricity the growing nation will need. • Needless spending of your tax money would be senseless at any time, but it's downright dangerous today when so many billions are needed for defense. • Isn't it time all taxpayers cried "STOP"?

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THE NATION

POLITICS

Passion, Pageantry & Platform

It was a big political week—like in a big political year. Pageantry ran high, and so did passion. Big names were on the line; big decisions were made, at the polls and in convention halls.

In California, Richard Nixon, the man who lost the presidency by the barest of margins, ran with the same intensity for the right to run for the lesser office of Governor. In Massachusetts, the Kennedy family, unafraid of the slings and arrows from lesser breeds, proudly ran its youngest son through a convention gauntlet, and saw him emerge the victor. The loser was kin to the Speaker of the House, but no matter—the Kennedys know how to win and patch up. In Connecticut, always considered a bellwether state, no fewer than six Republicans spent lavishly of their blood, sweat and cash, and fought through eight ballots at a party convention for the chance to be the man who might beat a Democratic Governor in November.

But there is more to politics than men and elections and victories. There are principles, and stands, and statements of belief. In a pragmatic America, these principles and beliefs are usually stated—in fact, acted out—in the day-to-day clash of men in Congress, where votes are cast, as well as speeches made. But every once in a while there is a need for a summing up, or a restatement of belief. Not immutable principles or irrevocable doctrines, but some facts and opinions to fuel the arguments and feed the discussions in the immediate future.

Such a time had come for the Republican Party, whose Congressional members felt that there was altogether too much attention, publicity, image-building and all that jazz emanating from the skilled practitioner in the White House. What the Republicans did, naturally, was to set up a committee. It consisted of six Senators and six Representatives, and was led by Wisconsin's energetic Congressman Melvin R. Laird, 39.

A skilled veteran of four Republican Convention platform fights, Laird drove the committee hard in twice-weekly meetings. He solicited the views of top Republicans in and out of Congress, showed a 4,000-word draft to Dwight Eisenhower, accepted some of Ike's ideas verbatim, followed the ex-President's advice to cut the document to 2,500 words.

Laird's statement had the conventional

weaknesses of party platforms in America. In its attempt to embrace all Republicans, it included bland statements that could be subscribed to by a lot of Democrats and all members of the Motherhood Party. It came out foursquare, for instance, for "a thorough overhaul of the tax system to encourage production, build jobs, and promote savings and investment." But it also articulated issues that Republicans of all

met . . . by adjusting price supports to permit the development and growth of markets and to remove incentives for overproduction."

MEDICAL CARE: "We reject attempts to run a legislative bulldozer through the structure of voluntary health insurance and private medicine. Effective tax relief for medical and hospital insurance should be given to all. We support government



MASSACHUSETTS' DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

As the season blossomed, big names and big principles were on the line.

stripes can stand on against the Democrats in 1962—and beyond. Among them:

BUDGETS: "The economic responsibility of government requires a halt to the upward spiral of federal spending, especially for nondefense purposes. This responsibility requires more than lip service to a balanced budget and reduction of the federal debt."

LABOR-MANAGEMENT RELATIONS: "Government should exercise impartiality and forbearance when the immediate economic interests of management and labor come into conflict. We want government to be pro-business and pro-labor."

FARM SCANDAL: "The present farm problem in large part was created by government. Problems of surplus must be

action to increase the coverage of voluntary insurance plans and to help older citizens having difficulty meeting the costs of adequate coverage."

COLD WAR PROPAGANDA: "America should take the offensive in psychological warfare through an information agency more willing to attack Communist weaknesses and to speak affirmatively, not apologetically, of freedom."

"The current Administration," said the statement, "has shown little understanding of, or concern for, institutions that buttress freedom at home—separation of powers, checks and balances, state and local responsibility, and a free competitive economy . . . The Administration's lack of sympathy toward a free competitive



COMMITTEEMAN LAIRD
A set of issues for '62?

economy has been made plain by many of its principal advisers. They have expressed the pessimistic theory that the economy can attain a satisfactory rate of growth and avoid mass unemployment only through heavy-handed direction and control by government."

"Pressure, Pressure . . ."

"This is Ted Kennedy," said the voice over the telephone.

"No, it isn't," replied the female delegate to Massachusetts' Democratic convention.

"Yes, it is."

"If you are, then tell me the date of the President's birthday."

With that, the voice, which was indeed Ted Kennedy's, whispered in a frantic aside to aides standing near by: "When's the President's birthday? Is it the 27th or the 29th?"

Said an aide: "I don't remember."

Said the voice to the woman delegate: "May 27th."

"No, it isn't," said she, and slammed the receiver down.

That was one vote that Teddy Kennedy presumably lost in his effort to win endorsement by Massachusetts Democrats convening in Springfield last week. But he won enough to force Attorney General Edward McCormack Jr. to concede midway through the first ballot when trailing 691-560. Just few weeks ago, Eddie figured he was well ahead. Both through his own record as a regular Massachusetts Democrat and as House Speaker John McCormack's nephew, Eddie commanded the loyalties of the state's party pros. But those pros proved loyal only up to the point where they came into conflict with the techniques and power of a Kennedy.

Real Shaken. Even before the balloting began, the McCormack men could see defeat in the offing. Eddie's dad, "Knocko" McCormack, sat sadly in the Cheddar Cheese Room, an eatery in the bowels of Springfield's Sheraton-Kimball Hotel, and spoke darkly about the Kennedy lieutenants. "They're cold, they're cold," said old Knocko. "I got here at 12:30 last night, and I got in the el-

evator with an old friend from Northampton. He's been in the American Legion with me for years, and I say, 'Hello, Commander.' And he hangs his head, and he says, 'I can't be with you, Knocko.' 'What do you mean?' says I. 'I've been offered a good federal job if I go with Kennedy,' says he.

"And over in Worcester there's another guy. He's like a first cousin to me for 40 years. How would you like to be shaken like that when he comes and says he's not with you? How do you like that? He says they promised him the postmastership in Worcester."

Concluded Knocko: "It's pressure, pressure, pressure, post office, post office, post office."

12-to-1. Even the candidates' arrivals in town were significantly different. Eddie came quietly and went to work in a modest Sheraton-Kimball headquarters suite. Teddy blared into town behind a crack brass band to find a prearranged crowd, replete with pretty girl workers, awaiting him outside the hotel. Pulled up on a sound truck, Teddy began to speak—and his chopping gestures, his thrust-out chin, his flat inflections and staccato cadences were more than slightly familiar.

From his headquarters, McCormack looked wistfully out the window at the Kennedy reception below. He was already beaten and he knew it. While he was struggling to get telephone calls placed through the hotel's harried switchboard operators, Teddy's people had set up a separate, 12-circuit switchboard. At the convention auditorium, where both McCormack and Kennedy had been allotted a single room backstage, Kennedy had another 12-circuit switchboard, while McCormack had a single line.

Crushed Defectors. When the big night arrived, Kennedy's floor managers discovered that a last-minute McCormack offensive seemed to be swinging away some 200 of Teddy's pledged delegates. Swiftly, the Kennedy machine moved to

put down the rebellion. Massachusetts Congressman Edward Boland dashed around haranguing delegates. Armed with six walkie-talkies, prowling Kennedy aides radioed back the identities of the defectors to the headquarters backstage. Within two hours the revolt was crushed.

Waiting in his hotel room for the balloting, Teddy silently read through his acceptance speech, hammering out points with his right hand. Down at the auditorium, the turbulent roll call began, with the Berkshire District, as expected, going for McCormack 31-27. Crashed one delegate above the din: "Being too old for a post office job, I'm for McCormack." But then the 1st Bristol District backed Kennedy 43-9 and the rout was on. At midnight, with Kennedy leading 2-1, Knocko McCormack slowly walked backstage and phoned his son to say he should concede.

When the TV announcer reported that McCormack had entered the hall, the Kennedys scrambled to leave the hotel for the hall. Teddy's wife Joan swiftly combed her blonde hair while two aides helped her husband with his cuff links. Without a flicker of emotion, Teddy stood before the TV set, arms folded across his chest, and listened to McCormack concede. When McCormack declared that he would still fight Kennedy in the September primary—"I will take my case to the people"—Teddy smiled sardonically. Then, just as he had planned to do for months, he left to make his triumphant appearance at the convention.

"Progressive Conservative"

Richard Nixon went all out. He built up an organization of 75,000 volunteers, traveled more than 50,000 miles, visited 40 of the state's 58 counties, wound up with a four-hour telethon on which he answered questions on 146 subjects. Last week Nixon won his party's nomination for Governor of California. But it was a shadowed victory.

Opponent Joseph C. Shell, Los Angeles oilman and leader of the Republican minority in the state legislature, tuned his campaign to the G.O.P.'s right wing. "I've gotten sick and tired of calling people liberals when they're basically socialists," he said. Though not himself a member, Shell welcomed the endorsement of the John Birch Society. Nixon, in contrast, denounced the far-right-wing organization, called upon Republicans to get out of it. After the primary, news commentators called the outcome a "smashing victory on the comeback trail." But with 65% of the vote to Shell's 35%, Nixon had plenty to worry about. His showing was noticeably weaker than that of Republican Senator Thomas H. Kuchel, who in his primary contest for renomination got nearly 80% of the vote against two opponents.

A Start on the Wooing. On the California registration rolls, Democrats outnumber Republicans by roughly three to two. In order to beat Democratic Governor Pat Brown in November, Nixon will, by his own calculations, have to gather in 20% of the Democratic vote and fully 90% of the Republican vote.



WINNER KENNEDY
A game of post office?

On the basis of his primary performance, he is going to have to do some persuasive wooing among hard-Shell G.O.P. conservatives.

Nixon got started on the wooing while the votes were still being counted. He congratulated Shell on fighting a "good battle," said that "those who have supported Joe Shell will see that their differences with me are infinitesimal compared with their differences with Brown." Next day Nixon held a joint press conference with San Francisco's beefy, Greek-born Mayor George Christopher, G.O.P. nominee for lieutenant governor. Did the primary results add up to a defeat for the conservatives? a newsman asked. No, said Nixon. "I consider myself a conservative—a progressive conservative."

Republicans v. Nixon. Loser Shell predicted that Brown would beat Nixon in November. As to whether he would support Nixon, Shell said Nixon would first have to show dedication to conservative principles, including a "very public commitment" to cut \$200 million (about 7%) out of the state budget. But no matter what promises Nixon might make, a good many Shell Republicans want to see him lose in November. His defeat, in their view, would show up the futility of his middle-road approach, help clear the way for conservative domination of the G.O.P.

If Nixon swings far rightward in an effort to win the Shell Republicans, he may fail to get the anti-Brown Democratic votes he needs. He faces a special embarrassment in the three avowed Birchers who won Republican nominations for Congress in Southern California. Late in the week Nixon called a strategy session of top California Republicans—and ran into a peck of trouble. Asked about the Birchers on the ticket, he indicated that he would not endorse members of "a totalitarian organization whose leader has declared war on a Republican President." Two of Nixon's running mates—Superior

Judge Thomas Coakley, running for attorney general, and Bruce Reagan, the candidate for controller, publicly disagreed; they said they thought Birchers could be good Republicans. Nixon tried to shut off newsmen's questions to his fellow Republicans, left the room when he failed.

Democrats v. Brown. In his tight political pinch, Nixon hopes to steer clear of ideology during the campaign, concentrate on attacking Brown for what the Nixon camp calls "the mess in Sacramento" and "the leadership gap." Nixon's best chance of beating Brown is that Brown will beat himself. Pudgy Governor Brown grates on a lot of California Democrats. His \$2.89 billion budget is the nation's highest, and the fact that three of his five bond-issue proposals were defeated last week indicates that Nixon may effectively exploit the fiscal issue. In the Democratic primary, three obscure contenders running against Brown got 16% of the vote, and another 5% of those who voted wrote in other names—including Nixon and Shell—rather than vote for Brown. Cracked a Californian after studying the returns: "It looks as if neither Nixon nor Brown can win."

"A Pretty Good Patcher"

In Hartford's sweltering red brick Bushnell Memorial Hall, delegates fidgeted and fussed. At 1:34 in the morning, after 10 hr. and 49 min. and eight roll calls, Connecticut Republicans finally selected Insurance Executive John Alsop as their candidate for Governor. Next day, tired and irritable, they took just one decisive muster to smash the comeback attempt of former Governor-Diplomat John Davis Lodge, who wanted to be their nominee for the U.S. Senate.

Shimmies & Bagpipes. The convention had all the show of a national nominating conclave. As each of the six candidates for Governor was nominated, his partisans paraded under television floodlights. Fifty girls in white blouses and short blue skirts kicked and shimmied for Edwin H. May Jr., former state Republican chairman. A bagpipe band babbled for Conservative State Senator John Mather Lupton. Strategists for May and Connecticut House Speaker Anthony Wallace even used short-wave radio to guide their staffs—but sadly discovered that each could overhear the other.

As the polling began, the race was essentially between Alsop, 46, and May, 38. Alsop, whose writing brothers Stewart and Joseph watched the voting with him on television in a backstage dressing room, had narrowly missed the nomination in a more relaxed convention in 1958. May, a boy-wonder Congressman at 32, had stressed his organizational ability in a skillful campaign across the state, now personally directed his supporters on the floor. With 328 votes needed for the nomination, the first ballot gave Alsop 226, and May 202 and Wallace 101.

As the night wore on, three candidates withdrew, but Wallace stood fast, hopeful that he might become the compromise choice. Backstage, the candidates tacticians huddled, vainly seeking deals that



KELLY S. KINGTON—HARTFORD TIMES

WINNER ALSOP

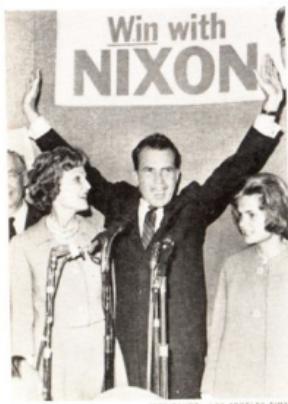
A mend in his pocket?

might break the deadlock. On the sixth ballot, Wallace began to slip. The May forces tried to get a recess until morning to gain time to persuade Wallace to withdraw and throw his votes to May. Uncomfortable and hungry, the delegates insisted with rhythmical clapping that the voting continue. On the seventh Wallace was down to 43 votes, while Alsop had 309 and May 302. Foreseeing the end, Wallace withdrew, and on the eighth ballot Alsop was nominated, 337 to May's 317. Puffing contentedly on a black pipe, Alsop dismissed the rift in the party, said: "I'm a pretty good patcher."

Exit. The long count pushed the convention into an unscheduled third day to select a candidate to succeed Republican Senator Prescott Bush, 67, who had announced only four weeks ago that he did not have the physical strength to seek and serve another term. Immediately, Lodge, who had been a candidate for Governor, decided to try for the Senate instead—but refused to get out and work for it. Said he to a friend before the convention: "I just can't go out and shake people's hands and say 'I'm John Davis Lodge, and I'd like your vote.' It would be insulting to them. They know who I am."

Far from aloof was Horace Seely-Brown Jr., 54, a hulking, aggressive six-term Congressman from Connecticut's agricultural eastern Second District. Seely-Brown, who runs a 100-acre apple farm in Pomfret, likes meeting people. He covered 3,000 miles in the state, pleaded persuasively for delegate votes.

As Lodge sat in a makeup room backstage and listened to the public-address system, delegate after delegate voted against him. He lost, 476 to 149. It had been a rough day. Earlier, Lodge had strolled up on the convention stage to watch, was startled by State Chairman A. Searle Pinney's reminder that convention rules bar candidates from the platform except for speeches. "I am a former Governor of this state," protested Lodge. "Where shall I sit then?" Pinney pointed to the delegate seats. Onetime Movie Actor Lodge stepped offstage—and quite possibly right out of active politics.



JACK SAINT—LOS ANGELES TIMES
WINNER NIXON
A leader of the left?

REPUBLICANS

"It's the Right Thing"

(See Cover)

It was an occasion for Republican hurrahs. In 17 cities across the U.S., party loyalists were gathered at fund-raising dinners to hear pep talks, over closed-circuit TV, about this fall's congressional elections. Dwight Eisenhower, speaking from Los Angeles, was interrupted repeatedly by loud applause. Senator Barry Goldwater drew a spirited response. So did National Committee Chairman William Miller. Then the voice and figure of New York's Governor Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller confronted the diners. And at every single meeting, from Boston to Tulsa, Rocky was ignominiously booted.

That was a mere four months ago. Today, in a turnaround remarkable even by the volatile standards of U.S. politics, Rocky gets cheers from Republican regulars around the land. Almost everyone agrees that he is the man to beat for the Republican Party's presidential nomination in 1964. This week the Gallup poll (which takes Richard Nixon at his word that he will not be a candidate) reported that among rank-and-file Republicans Rocky has a handsome lead for 1964, with 32% as opposed to 23% for Barry Goldwater, a surprising 14% for Milton Eisenhower, and a mere 8% for Michigan's George Romney.

What has happened to bring about this change?

To Republican professionals, Rockefeller long seemed a maverick. They looked on him as a liberal, whose views often sounded more Democratic than Republican. They saw him as a troublemaker when he publicly criticized his party's

leaders and program during his abortive attempt to win the 1960 G.O.P. nomination. Then there was the matter of his divorce from his wife of 32 years—and the insistent rumors that he intended to marry a younger woman.

Into the Vacuum. But so far, Rockefeller seems to have weathered his divorce well. And recently, quite independently of his own efforts, he has been thrust into the vacuum in national leadership that plagues either U.S. political party when it does not hold the White House. Nixon, the G.O.P.'s "titular leader," has in recent weeks run into trouble in California and, despite last week's primary victory, faces a hard struggle for survival in his fight against Governor Pat Brown. Goldwater, who seemed for a while to be a hopeful G.O.P. prospect, has been hobbled by the fact that he is beginning to sound to many like a broken record, and by the party pros' conviction that he is simply too conservative to win a national election. Such dark-horse possibilities as Romney and Pennsylvania's William Scranton have yet to prove themselves in their home states.

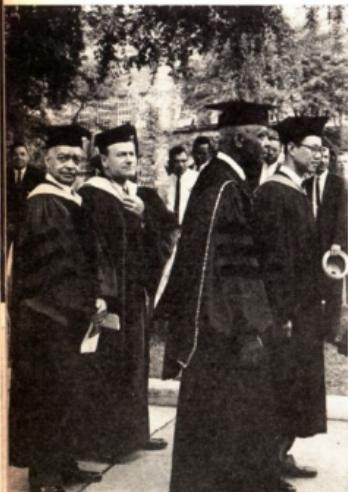
That pretty much leaves Rocky. But if happenstance has helped, so has hard work. As Governor of the nation's most powerful state, he has administered its wide-ranging affairs ably and conscientiously, placed himself among the limited ranks of really effective U.S. Governors. Aware that he must prove himself to Republican regulars if he hopes to get the 1964 nomination, Rocky has also begun talking and acting more like a regular himself. Though he spends most of his time consolidating his position in New York, he has shown a ready willingness to come to the party's aid around the U.S. as speaker and fund raiser. Last month, on a typical tour, covering three days and four nights, he visited Washington, Wyoming and Colorado, met with G.O.P. leaders in each, made eight

speeches, appeared at four news conferences and a TV interview, and shook out 5,000 hands. "He showed us," drawled a Wyoming Republican, "that he really doesn't have horns."

Semantic Duel. Even more important in the dehorning process is Rockefeller's earnest effort to neutralize the "liberal" label that frightened many Republicans the last time around. Whenever he can, he makes it clear that he feels that he and his program have been miscast in the semantic duel between liberal and conservative. Says he: "I think those words—liberal and conservative—have little meaning in relation to present-day problems. It's like saying 'Don't confuse me with the facts; I don't want to think.' When I make a decision, I think: 'It's human, it's right, it's neither liberal nor conservative, but it's the right thing to do.'" Adds Millionaire Rocky ironically: "I have as much to 'conserve' as anyone."

Basic Creed. This is not mere party-pleasing talk. Rockefeller wants to travel the middle of the road, which he feels was pre-empted by Nixon last time, but he denies that he has consciously moved to the right in order to get there. Nonetheless, his associates admit that the lessons of his office have affected some of his views. Rockefeller now believes that there is a greater role for state and local government than he once envisaged; he would strictly limit the power of the Federal Government. He puts heavy emphasis on re-establishing the strength and vitality of state government, an idea stressed in his Godkin lectures at Harvard on "The Future of Federalism" that he increasingly uses to sum up his political philosophy (*see box*).

As for charges that he is only a Democrat in Republican clothing, Rocky is downright indignant. He professes what to him is a basic Republican creed—and challenges anyone to dispute its orthodoxy. "In addition to the fact that I was



WILSON, LEVITON—ATLANTA

AT SPELMAN COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT

"I speak from a family-ingrained conviction whose roots are deep indeed."



CARL IWASAKI

AT WYOMING REPUBLICAN DINNER

born a Republican," he says, "I believe in the worth and dignity of the individual—the concept of equal rights. I believe in private initiative and private enterprise: this is the growth factor in a democracy. I believe government close to the people is good government. And I believe in fiscal integrity."

Itching for 1964. But what really attracts Republicans to him is that, of all the party's presidential possibilities, Rockefeller stands out as the one who behaves as if he is itching to take on John Kennedy in 1964. He has hit at the "inconsistency" of the Administration's policy in the Far East, on its farm policy, and on Kennedy's handling of the steel crisis. He has charged that Kennedy is seeking too much power ("We are getting toward a government by men instead of government by laws"), scored Kennedy's delay in resuming nuclear tests, derided his failure to push civil rights legislation.

Rockefeller is particularly critical of Kennedy's economic policies, feels that the Administration does not really understand the workings of the economy. The President's actions, he charges, "have destroyed the climate for growth." Says a top national Republican of Rocky: "He seems to be more partisan. He's criticized Kennedy for some things that a lot of people would have thought he'd have gone along with. He's getting more of a fighting image."

That image is also obvious to Democrats—and they have stepped up their fire on Rockefeller. In Atlanta last week to deliver the commencement address at Spelman College, a Negro institution for

women,* Rockefeller quietly but effectively answered Democratic National Chairman John Bailey's demagogic charge that he had opposed a federal department of urban affairs because of racial feelings against its proposed head, Housing Administrator Robert Weaver, a Negro. Noting his and his family's long and distinguished record on civil rights, Rocky said: "I speak from a family-ingrained conviction whose roots are deep indeed. It is for this reason that I have felt entirely free to speak most critically of those who pay elaborate homage to the civil rights cause at election time, but are found wanting in the courage, the profound and true belief, that must back promises with action." Later, at his press conference, President Kennedy repudiated Bailey's charge, saying: "I've never seen any evidence that Mr. Rockefeller is prejudiced in any way toward any racial group."

Rockefeller definitely does not believe that Kennedy is a cinch to win in '64. He thinks that he could have beaten Kennedy in 1966 (Kennedy privately agreed after the election that Rocky might have won)—and that he can do it in 1964. As Rocky sees it, Kennedy's performance to date has been more image than substance, more rhetoric than performance, more show than go. He is convinced that Kennedy's potential for major error is large—and that the President's image and popularity can fade badly before 1964.

Help from Democrats. Rockefeller's own future depends on how well he does in the New York election this fall. A big win would propel him strongly into the running in 1964. So far, New York Demo-

crats seem intent on giving him a helping hand. No Democrat has yet emerged who is any real opposition for Rockefeller, and the Democrats have made news mostly by their scramble to avoid facing him in the fall.

New York's Mayor Robert Wagner, after making sounds like a candidate for months, has firmly bowed out of the running, but the failure of anyone to take his place may yet find the Kennedy Administration pressuring him to change his mind. After Wagner's demurral, the list of Democratic successors who wanted no part of Rocky suffered a sudden boom. Out bowed New York's Deputy Mayor Edward F. Cavanagh; so, in slightly less final tones, did former Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. Strengthening Rocky's hand, the Democrats have not even been able to come up with a Senate candidate to face G.O.P. Senator Jacob Javits. Desperate for names, Democratic leaders put out word that their choice was U.N. Under Secretary Ralph Bunche, then U.S. Information Agency Chief Edward R. Murrow—without even bothering to tell Bunche or Murrow about it first. Embarrassed, both men quickly ruled themselves out of the race.

"Definite & Final." The Rockefeller whom the Democrats seem afraid to face is a different man from the brash young millionaire who upset Harriman in 1958. Three and one-half years in the governorship have done nothing to lessen his imperturbable self-confidence, but they have added vastly to his knowledge of government and administration. While serving in appointive jobs under three Presidents—and suffering enormous frustrations under Eisenhower—Rockefeller learned one important lesson: that U.S. political pow-



IN TROY, N.Y.



IN ALBANY



AT SENIOR CITIZENS' DANCE

"I believe in the worth and dignity of the individual."



IN PHILADELPHIA

THE FUTURE OF FEDERALISM

Nelson Rockefeller describes the three Godkin lectures on "The Future of Federalism" that he delivered at Harvard University last February as "the fitting together, into a theme, of the pieces of experience of a lifetime." The lectures, among the nation's most prestigious periodic lecture series, were set up in 1903 with funds contributed by friends of Edwin L. Godkin, editor of the *New York Evening Post* and the *Nation*, who died in 1902. Excerpts from Rockefeller's lectures, which constitute a revealing record of his philosophy of government and politics:

On Federalism: "The critical political decisions in government are, and must be, primarily shaped and made by elected officials. It is with this particular perspective on our democratic processes that I underline my deep personal conviction that the future of freedom lies in the federal idea. I refer to the federal idea broadly as a concept of government by which a sovereign people—for their greater progress and protection—yield a portion of their sovereignty to a political system that has more than one center of sovereign power, energy and creativity. No one of these centers or levels has the power to destroy another. The truth is that the federal idea—like the whole American experience—is a political adventure. It is no static thing, no dead definition, no dogmatic proclamation."

On Big Government: "The striking fact in our domestic political experience since World War II has not been the growth of federal government—but the far more rapid expansion of state and local government to meet growing social needs. The role of the state within American federalism is far from 'obsolete.' It is as dynamic and promising as is the federal idea itself."

On the New Deal: "While the New Deal accomplished major social advances and did much to restore the confidence of the people, its leaders did not display great comprehension of the nature and workings of our economic system. They showed little or no awareness of the need to create a climate for growth to encourage an expanding American economy. This experience brought home the fact that it does not suffice to understand social needs and aspirations—without also fully understanding the dynamics of our economic system."

On Today's Politics: "In the political environment of today, I would mark three pervasive attitudes or tendencies as plainly damaging to our

processes of government. The first is the scorn of scepticism toward practical partisan politics. To call politics dirty is to call democracy dirty. The second is an addiction to political labels and slogans, along lines loosely called liberal and conservative. We all know that in any serious historical sense these terms have lost all meaning. The third is a timidity of leadership that rarely glimpses the dawn of any new concepts—but passively awaits the high-noon of crisis."

On States' Rights: "The essential political truth is that—today more than ever—the preservation of states' rights depends upon the exercise of states' responsibilities. So great and urgent are the demands of national defense and foreign policy upon all resources of the national government that now, as never in our history, are state governments challenged to face and meet the pressing domestic concerns of our society. Our states are designed to be our great centers for political experiment. In a word, it is time for the states to lead."

On National Purpose: "Political creation, not improvisation, is the order of the day. And anything less than a grand design—a major idea and a lofty sense of purpose—is too puny for the time in which we live. We are living in an age when (in the words of Walter Prescott Webb) we 'look down the long gun-barrel of history.' At such a time our sights and all our perceptions and faculties must be set for new ideas."

On World Order: "The free world is grappling with precisely the political equation—the elements of order and the factors of freedom—whose balancing has been the supreme political achievement of our nation's history. But we have failed to face up to the fundamental political problem—the creation of a free world structure of order and unity. The U.N. lacks the strength to master or control the forces that it confronts. I believe the historic answer to the problems the free world confronts can be found in the federal idea. I have long felt that the road toward the unity of free nations lay through regional confederations. But I have come to the conviction that events are driving us rapidly beyond even the limits of regional concepts—to the logic of applying the federal idea wherever possible. What our common danger—and our common aspirations—imperatively require, then, is a common commitment to some basic principles and purposes [leading] ultimately to the gradual devising of political forms of unity."

er really rests with elective officials. In the New York governorship, he found an ideal vehicle for his talents and energies.

There was little doubt, even in the beginning, that Rockefeller was looking far beyond the statehouse in Albany. His inaugural address, which did not even mention the State of New York until page 4, moved *New York Herald Tribune* Columnist Roscoe Drummond to remark that it "could as well have been delivered from the steps of the Capitol in Washington." After only six months as Governor—and countless denials that he was interested in anything beyond Albany—Rockefeller admitted publicly that he had the presidential bug. He undertook a series of whirlwind speaking tours to sample political sentiment, began trying to define issues on which he might challenge the strong grip Vice President Nixon held on the party machinery. But Rockefeller found that the men who controlled the Republican Convention were down the line for Dick Nixon. Just when many politicians expected him to fight Nixon for the nomination, he made a "definite and final" announcement that "I am not, and shall not be, a candidate for the nomination for the presidency." And he added: "Quite obviously, I shall not at any time entertain any thought of accepting nomination to the vice-presidency."

The Treaty of Fifth Avenue. That should have been that. But Rocky made himself look foolish and indecisive by refusing to give up hope. After the U-2 incident and the breakup of the Paris summit conference, he thought he saw another chance, announced that he would accept a draft if it came. He struck out at both Nixon and the Republican Party for failing "to make clear where this party is heading and where it proposes to lead the nation," outlined his own ten-point program for progress in foreign and domestic affairs. When Rocky threatened a floor fight at the convention, Nixon flew to New York, and after eight hours of give-and-take (during which Rockefeller adamantly refused Nixon's offer of the vice-presidency), the two produced the now famous "Treaty of Fifth Avenue," which incorporated many of Rockefeller's beliefs into the G.O.P. platform. It was bitterly resented by many Republicans, including Dwight Eisenhower.

Rocky urged the New York delegation to "unanimously endorse" Nixon, and pledged his wholehearted support. During the campaign, he made 400 speeches for Nixon, and Nixon later said that "no one in the country worked harder for the Nixon-Lodge ticket than did Governor Rockefeller." But many Republicans still thought they detected a lack of enthusiasm in Rockefeller's stumping, and they resented his support of Kennedy's plan for medical care for the aged and his refusal to agree with Nixon that U.S. prestige was at an all-time high. After Nixon lost, Rockefeller lost no time in announcing that he would seek re-election as Governor of New York—and made it clear that he recognized no national G.O.P. leader. "Between elections," he said, "when a party loses the presidency, I

don't think that the party has an actual head."

Enjoying Problems. With ex-President Eisenhower making only rare public pronouncements and Nixon busy in California, the field was left open to Rockefeller to capitalize on his position as the reigning Republican of a powerful state whose Governors are traditionally considered presidential possibilities. Rockefeller's speeches are now mailed to state G.O.P. organizations around the country, and a card file of "friends" across the U.S. is growing steadily. Every day more than 20 requests for appearances, sometimes as many as 35, arrive at the Governor's headquarters. His political aides keep in closest touch with party developments around the U.S., and some of them canvass the nation talking up Rocky's record in New York.

Without that record, all the fence mending in the world could hardly have made Rockefeller the top possibility for the 1964 nomination. The rich and cosmopolitan state of New York is a typical social laboratory that contains within itself all of the domestic problems—from dairy farming to police protection—found on a grander and more remote scale in the Federal Government. In an era in which many big-state Governors are defeated by their task, Rockefeller has been a successful Governor. "It's like an intensive graduate course in social, economic and political problems," says Rocky. "I enjoy solving problems."

In that graduate course, solving his problems as he went along, Nelson Rockefeller has garnered some high marks:

- **FINANCE.** When he took office, the state faced a potential deficit of \$700 million, Rockefeller wiped it out with the help of an unpopular—but fiscally wise—tax hike of \$277 million. Every year he has balanced his budget, and has steadily reduced the state's debt service charges from \$53 million to \$40 million a year.
- **THE ECONOMY.** "Jobs depend on industrial growth, and government does too," says Rockefeller. During his governorship, more than 1,700 plants have been built or expanded in the state; economic growth has increased 16% over 1958 (based on such state commerce department indexes as employment, retail sales, and investment in plant and equipment); and jobs have climbed by 450,000, pushing New York's unemployment rate well below the national average. Rockefeller sponsored several measures aimed at improving the state's business climate, but he did not forget labor: he pushed through the first statewide minimum-wage law, increased workers' compensation and unemployment benefits.

- **HOUSING.** Rocky set up a housing-finance agency to attract private capital to build badly needed middle-income housing, established the nation's first plan in which the state lends the buyer part of the down payment for cooperative-apartment housing, and presented New York City with an imaginative plan for a ten-year, \$4 billion program to provide middle-income apartments for 1,000,000 persons by erecting buildings in the air space above such

public facilities as piers, schools, police stations and expressways (two such buildings are already under way).

- **EDUCATION.** Rockefeller has increased state spending on primary and secondary education from \$580 million to more than \$1 billion, launched a \$750 million building program, and vastly expanded the state's loan program for students. Under Rockefeller, the state has quadrupled its budget for scholarships, tripled its contribution to universities.

Despite such accomplishments, Rocky's term as Governor has not been all roses. In his first two years, he set up so many task forces—48 in all—that the legislators became incensed at what they took for a usurpation of their powers. To pacify them, Rocky had to drop the task forces and modify his technique. Though he is extremely well informed in many areas of



STAR WATMAN—LIFE

At 1960 G.O.P. CONVENTION
He refused to be No. 2.

state government and quotes statistics endlessly, Rockefeller has sometimes shown embarrassing gaps in information. While discussing reapportionment, he betrayed the fact that he simply did not know that New York City council districts are identical with and based on state senate districts.

Rocky can be as unyielding as granite. His aides strongly advised him that fallout shelters were the least exciting subject he could possibly dwell on; but he insisted on pushing a massive New York shelter program in the 1960 legislature—and his bills were predictably tabled (a vastly watered down version was passed the following year). Such stubbornness can be courageous: in Election Year 1960 both parties were determined to pass a political bonbon in the form of a Korean war bonus. Rockefeller thought the notion was unsafe, and went before a meeting of the American Legion four months ago to tell the veterans nothing doing. That bill was also tabled.

The Unhappy Months. On the morning of March 3, 1961, the executive mansion in Albany burned, and Governor Rockefeller and his wife, Mary Todhunter Clark Rockefeller, escaped together by climbing down a ladder from the roof. To many, that date seemed to mark a turn for the worse in Rockefeller's personal fortunes. Albany regulars suddenly became aware that for months Mrs. Rockefeller had been little in evidence. What they could not have known was that Rockefeller and his wife were headed for a divorce.

Mrs. Rockefeller had never been much interested in politics or in being in the limelight. As Rockefeller's political ambitions grew, so did the gap between his interests and Tod's. When Rocky first made known his plans for divorce, his wife, his brothers and his advisers tried to get him to change his mind—but Rockefeller was adamant. The November announcement of the marital breakup came like political thunder. Then, less than 48 hours later, came word of the loss of the Rockefellers' youngest son, Michael, in the waters off New Guinea, and the Governor's futile and compulsive race to the Far East.

On his return from New Guinea, a stricken Rockefeller threw himself into his job, working harder than he ever had in his life. He managed to dispose of 300 bills during a successful legislative session, took action on another 1,000 during the 30-day bill-signing ordeal that New York imposes on its Governors. Then he began a bone-wearying round of regional planning trips around the state, making speeches, presiding at dedications, and attending policy meetings. Often, he got only four or five hours of sleep a night; occasionally he became numb and bristly.

The Unlucky Brushes. Meanwhile, Rockefeller's prestige had suffered several blows. Despite Rocky's all-out support, New York City's Republican Mayoralty Candidate Louis Lefkowitz got badly beaten by Mayor Wagner. Rocky was equally unlucky in his other brushes with the mayor. When he called a special legislative session to suspend the New York City school board and set up a new one, his proposal contained technical errors—and he was forced to retreat to a plan similar to Wagner's. In the New York City bus strike, he drew criticism for not acting quickly enough on legislation that would enable the city to take over the lines.

Rockefeller managed to make himself seem inconsistent on the national scene as well. He lashed out in Des Moines at Kennedy's proposal for a department of urban affairs—then was publicly reminded that he had previously favored such a department. (He does not favor it "in its present form"—but few voters got the distinction.) And when Mary Rockefeller went to Reno—at the Governor's request—politicians began counting the vote losses in the thousands every time the press printed a picture of her.

The effect of the divorce on his future became the U.S.'s No. 1 political guessing game. Rocky himself was—and is—non-committal. "I think," says Rockefeller, "we should let the voters comment on that in November." But he is acutely



ESCAPING FROM GOVERNOR'S MANSION
On a troubled night.

aware that the New York election returns will be closely analyzed for signs of the divorce's impact. And he is confident that the decision will be in his favor; a poll several weeks after the divorce showed that his popularity had dropped only a meager 2%.

Both Democrats and Republicans agree that remarriage could be a serious political mistake.

In hopes of burying the issue of divorce with a big victory in New York, Rockefeller has long since started campaigning. "I am focused completely on the 1962 election in New York State," he says. "This year is going to determine a great deal in both parties for the future." His brown hair is greying and his wrinkles are deeper, but he still exudes vigor—particularly when he is among the voters. The sheer act of campaigning nourishes Rockefeller as it does few other leading U.S. politicians.

The Right Kind of Corn. On the stump, he pumps hands, slaps backs, signs autographs and shouts greetings—"Hi sweetie . . . wonderful to be here . . . this is very exciting . . . thanks a thousand." His campaign speeches are repetitious and full of homilies, but they drum home the watchwords of his administration: fiscal integrity, pay-as-you-go, schools, jobs, housing, equal opportunity. When in the midst of crowds, he winks, grins, furrows his brow in endless contortions, seeming to say to perfect strangers: "I'm with you. I understand. You've gotten through to me." Recently, he donned a cowboy hat and climbed on a stagecoach to drive it a few miles, sheared a sheep, picked up some worms and handed them to giggling girls after breaking ground for a factory. He gets in a few words of his fluent Spanish whenever he can find a single Spanish-speaking voter in his audience. It is all kind of corny—but it is the corniness that has given Nelson Rockefeller an enviable political charisma.

Array of Power. As a candidate, Nelson Rockefeller has at his fingertips an array of power and talent that few politicians in the land can boast. His personal fortune is estimated at between \$100 million and \$200 million (it would, wags say, make Jack Kennedy the poor man's candidate in any race with Rockefeller). Like Kennedy, he has his own private airplane (a Convair) for campaigning. He has homes in Manhattan (his ex-wife has taken over their Fifth Avenue apartment, and he now shares the penthouse apartment of Brother Laurence), in Washington, in Maine, in Venezuela and near Tarrytown, N.Y., where his family estate at Pocantico Hills spreads over 3,000 acres.

For a rich man, Rockefeller has generally modest tastes. He dresses conservatively in \$150-\$200 suits, does not smoke, drinks only wine (his favorite *apéritif*: Dubonnet) or beer. His biggest extravagance is his collection of more than 1,000 paintings, most of them modern (Picasso, Klee, and Miró). Despite his heavy schedule, he still likes to read art catalogues for recreation. He enjoys driving alone in his 1955 Chrysler convertible (he keeps the top closed) because it gives him a little privacy. Says he: "I spend virtually all my waking hours with people. I have to have a chance to stop and relax."

One of the most valuable political advantages of Rockefeller's wealth is the large cast of advisers on whom he can call to perform almost any task, research almost any problem. As Governor, he has his own staff of seven close counsellors, and he gets help in planning and strategy from such Republican pros as State Chairman Judson Morhouse. But that is just the beginning. In a five-story Rockefeller building in mid-Manhattan, he employs a five-man research group that delves into current problems, keeps Rocky informed on matters as sundry as education and trade. On his personal payroll, he has 35 people, including a speechwriter, a consultant on international affairs, and an economist. In addition, he has at his disposal the Rockefeller brothers' staff of 26, which includes advisers on public affairs, finance, legal affairs and international matters.

To many, such signs of wealth raise a question: In the modern U.S., does it take a rich man—with the money, staff and conveniences he can muster—to be nominated for the presidency? John Kennedy is a millionaire, and, besides Rockefeller, many of the G.O.P. possibilities for 1964 are men of wealth: Goldwater, Romney, Scranton (Nixon, while hardly rich, is certainly well off. He recently had a \$135,000 house built; his estimated annual income: \$250,000). When Hubert Humphrey sought the Democratic nomination in 1960, he found lack of money a huge disadvantage; for months after his Wisconsin and West Virginia primary fights, he was still paying off the debts they piled up. While no one believes that wealth alone is decisive in winning either nominations or elections, there is little doubt that wealth helps in hurdling the rigorous demands that U.S. politics increasingly imposes on candidates.

Keeping Them Awake. Rocky's advisers are already thinking beyond next fall to the problems that Rockefeller will face in seeking the 1964 nomination. Rocky's toughest job, as they see it, is to establish a political position that differs from Kennedy's, yet is sufficiently broad and appealing to attract the voters. This is not easy, since Rockefeller often finds himself agreeing with Kennedy's goals—if not always with the way he reaches them. He has supported the President on such issues as tax withholding for dividend and interest income, care for the aged under social security, a new trade law. In fact, Rockefeller's men suspect that in certain areas of national policy Kennedy has consciously tried to pre-empt Rockefeller's ground, expecting him to be the 1964 G.O.P. candidate.

As for himself, Rockefeller is a congenital optimist. He believes that, with effort, any odds can be overcome. "Anybody who hopes for the 1968 nomination," says a Rockefeller aide, "has to carry the burden in 1964, futile as it may seem to be." But futility is not in the Rockefeller vocabulary. Are his sights really set on 1968? "No, no," says Rockefeller, smiling broadly. "I'd be too old. That's a younger man's job." But at 53, in good health and belonging to a family noted for longevity, Nelson Rockefeller can certainly look forward to 1964, to 1968 or even beyond. And as of now, he is plainly the man to reckon with in the Republican Party. Recently, in the course of campaigning, he was received into the Hawk clan of the Seneca Nation and given a new name: *Sagoyewatha*. It means "He Keeps Them Awake"—and it somehow seems appropriate to Nelson Rockefeller's present position in his party.



CHIJI IWAKI
DRIVING STAGECOACH IN WYOMING
In the middle of the road.

THE CONGRESS

The Useful Pest

The angry Congressman stepped to a microphone, stared scornfully at the nearly empty chamber, and denounced a motion that the House of Representatives recess for three days. "I am becoming more and more disturbed over the failure of the House to get down to work," he snapped. "This is just about the most do-nothing session I have seen in my 14 years here." He had figured it all out, and a little later he passed on his statistics to reporters. So far this year, he said, the House has been working an average of only four hours a day, a mere 15 days a month—and each Congressman thus is making \$126 a day. "That's a lot of pay for such a short workday," he complained.

Such waspish criticism is routine for wispy (5 ft. 6 in., 135 lbs.) Harold Royce Gross, 62, seven-term Republican Congressman from Iowa's farm-rich Third District. Day after day, year after year, Gross uses the crisp voice of a one-time Des Moines and Waterloo radio newscaster to scold his colleagues about their leisurely ways, question any and all spending bills, and push what he considers his lonely fight "to save this country from national bankruptcy." He is a nit-picker and a pest. He detests Washington's social life ("I've never worn a monkey suit"), prefers watching wrestling on television with his wife Hazel in their apartment ("an oasis in a community of synthetic functions"). But, as self-appointed caretaker of the congressional conscience, he has his own unique value. The House needs a man like H. R. Gross—although one is probably plenty.

No! Gross practices what he preaches. When he derides Eastern Congressmen as being members of the long-weekending "in-Tuesday-and-out-Thursday club," he can point to his own remarkable record: in the past 14 years he has answered 97.1% of all roll calls. Unlike most Representatives, he stays on the floor between roll calls, listens carefully to the debates. He studies legislation diligently, is ever alert to what others dismiss as unimportant. "Mr. Speaker," Gross cries when a colleague seeks unanimous consent to pass a minor appropriations bill without debate, "reserving the right to object, can the gentleman tell us just what this is all about?" If Gross doesn't like the explanation—as in the case of a bill for a historic memorial in Texas in which the \$15,000 appropriation did not even cover the cost of the land—Gross declares loudly: No!

With nonpartisan passion, Gross crusades against spending. When Kennedy was inaugurated, Gross protested that an Army chauffeur was driving Frank Sinatra and Peter Lawford around Washington. He fought an addition of 80 White House police, bitterly asked if they would be used to guard Caroline's ponies. He objected to President Eisenhower's being restored to five-star general's rank unless Congress agreed that Ike would get only his \$25,000 annual presidential pension and not his \$20,543 Army salary as well. When the Truman Administration built

an airport for the Continental Air Command on land near Grandview, Mo., that was owned partly by Truman's relatives, Gross howled that it was not needed, He still needless Armed Services Committee Chairman Carl Vinson each year when the military construction bill comes up, asking if the command has moved into "Truman Airport" yet. It still has not.

Getting His Say. Gross boasts of never having voted for foreign aid, reciprocal trade, has opposed the crash programs to reach the moon. "Well, even if we don't get to the moon first, we'll be there first with foreign aid," he observed sarcastically during a recent space discussion. He was House sponsor of the bill to require Congressmen to make public disclosure of



WALTER BENNETT

IOWA'S GROSS
One like him is good—and plenty.

their spending on junkets, opposed raising congressional salaries from \$15,000 to \$22,500, shot down a bill to create a congressional flag with the question: "How would you fly it—above or below the squirrel tail that some people fly off their radio antennas?"

As a loquacious man who is constantly in the minority, Gross's great fear is that he will not be given his full say in the House. Whenever he is cut out, Gross asks for a time-consuming quorum call (of some 60 quorum calls in the House so far this year, Gross has demanded more than half). "I let them know they haven't saved a damn minute of time," he explains. He also carries a card in his vest pocket with a typed amendment that he can propose to any bill, striking its enacting clause. This is a privileged amendment that gains him an automatic five minutes more to talk. Surprisingly, a lot of Congressmen do not object to such pesky tactics. They realize that H. R. Gross keeps the House on its toes, and they rather enjoy the way he does it. Declares Georgia Democrat Vinson: "There is really no good debate unless the gentleman from Iowa is in it."

Helping Tito

If Senate doings were accompanied by background music, a fitting theme for last week's most notable and ignoble performance would have been the tune of the old song that runs:

*Oh, the noble Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up to the top of the
hill,
And he marched them down again.*

Up the Hill. One deceptively quiet afternoon, the Senate was considering that familiar bale of hay, the foreign aid authorization bill. The speechmakers droned away in a nearly deserted chamber. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield was off in his own office, conferring with a panel of Democratic Senators about the Administration's tax-revision bill. The only firecracker expected to make any noise in connection with the foreign aid bill was Wisconsin's Democrat William Proxmire's amendment to bar aid (but not shipments of surplus food) to Yugoslavia for one year. Even Proxmire's staffers admitted that they did not expect the amendment to pass.

All of a sudden, Ohio's scratchy, unpredictable Democratic Senator Frank Lausche reared up and offered an amendment to the Proxmire amendment. Lausche's proposal: Ban all kinds of U.S. aid, including surplus food, to "any country known to be dominated by Communism or Marxism." That would include Poland (which was to have got \$60 million worth of surplus food) as well as Yugoslavia (which was to have got \$80 million in foodstuffs, plus other aid).

After 20 minutes of lackluster debate, the clerk began calling the roll for a vote on the Lausche amendment. The Senate's Democratic leadership was caught flat-footed—not for the first time this year. When word of what was going on reached Mansfield's office, the meeting abruptly broke up, and Democrats scurried toward the Senate floor. Just after the clerk finished calling the roll, some two dozen Democratic Senators surged into the chamber, began gesturing to get their votes recorded. Amid the confusion, many Senators got only a sketchy notion of what was being voted on, and since the amendment seemed to have carried anyway, several of them decided to play safe and vote against Communism. Final tally: 57 for the amendment, 24 against.

Down Again. In the State Department, it is an article of faith that aid to Yugoslavia and Poland helps the West by lessening those countries' dependence on Russia—a belief that has survived Tito's numberless demonstrations of hostility toward the U.S. So the Administration, predictably, put up a brisk fight against the Lausche amendment. President Kennedy himself telephoned Majority Leader Mansfield and Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen. White House staffers and State Department officials, including Secretary of State Dean Rusk, called other Senators to ask for help.

Republican Dirksen came stalwartly to the Administration's rescue, agreed to co-

sponsor, jointly with Mansfield, an amendment to restore the President's authority to send surplus food (but not other kinds of aid) to Communist countries. In his speech supporting this amendment, Dirksen showed once again why colleagues consider him the nimblest of them all. Observing that he had voted for the Lausche amendment the day before, Dirksen said chucklingly: "This is not the first time I have been confronted with an awkward situation." Snorts of laughter sounded on both sides of the aisle. In 1959, Dirksen went on, he opposed President Eisenhower on a major issue. "I remember when the President was red-faced at the White House when some of his own leaders refused to sustain his position, and when he looked at me and asked, 'Will you carry the flag?' I replied, 'Mr. President, I will carry it for you.' And today I want to do as much for the present President as I was willing to do then for the President who bore the label of my party."

The upshot: 14 Democrats and nine Republicans who had voted for the Lausche amendment turned about and voted for the Mansfield-Dirksen amendment. It carried, 56 to 34. Tito will continue to get U.S. surplus food. But the Agency for International Development will have to postpone, for a year at least, the \$10 million economic-development loan it had planned to give him.

COMMUNISTS

Practice v. Polemics

Communists loudly claim to be the friend of the Negro, foe to racial discrimination. But last week Negro woman who is a former U.S. party member testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee about Communist practices as opposed to polemics. Mrs. Julia Clarice Brown said that in 1947, when she joined the party in Cleveland, she found that she could not attend meetings of the cell in her Cleveland neighborhood. Said Mrs. Brown: "It was a Jim Crow club." Mrs. Brown had to make a three-mile trip to reach a Communist cell that was willing to mingle Negroes and whites. She quit the party, then rejoined as an undercover agent for the FBI.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Estes Scandal (Cont'd)

"This polecat . . . this vile, corrupt creature . . . this damnable skunk . . ."

In these pungent terms, recalling a bygone style of political vituperation, Minnesota's Republican Representative H. Carl Andersen, last week on the House floor, attacked Washington Columnist Drew Pearson, who had written about Andersen's involvement in the Billie Sol Estes scandal (TIME cover, May 25). Andersen, senior Republican on the House subcommittee on agricultural appropriations, is so far the only Republican in Congress to be seriously tarnished by the Estes case: he took \$4,000 from Estes for stock in a coal mine owned by the Andersen family, failed to give Estes any stock

certificates in return. (Andersen says he never did any favors for Estes, and no evidence to the contrary has come to light.)

In his polecat speech, Andersen complained that his fellow Congressmen had been "shying off" since the Billie Sol case broke. "Come and say hello to H. Carl Andersen," he pleaded. "Come and shake my hand." Afterward, some kindly Congressmen did go up to him and say hello and shake his hand. But Andersen's political future had been heavily clouded by the Estes case, and he recognized the fact by announcing that, after winning twelve House terms as a Republican, he would run for re-election this fall as an "independent" rather than risk defeat in a G.O.P. primary.

Omitted Name. Meanwhile, a House subcommittee headed by North Carolina's L. H. Fountain resumed hearings on Estes' massive grain-storage operations. The Fountain investigation was only a sort of *apéritif* served up before full-course Senate hearings scheduled to begin June 27 under the chairmanship of Arkansas' leathery John McClellan. But even so, the Fountain subcommittee made a splash of its own. Over the protests of Republican members, the subcommittee's Democratic majority fired the minority counsel, Republican Lawyer Robert E. Manuel. His offense: giving a New York *Herald Tribune* reporter a copy of the Agriculture Department's suppressed 1961 report on Estes' illegal dealings in cotton-acreage allotments.

As Chairman Fountain told it, Manuel would be a "serious handicap" to the investigation. Manuel retorted that "this investigation is being distorted—and the truth suppressed—either because of shoddy preparation or a willingness to cover up." The report, he said, was not legally classified. It was stamped "administratively confidential," which meant that it contained politically embarrassing material that the Department of Agriculture wanted to keep from the public."

Manuel charged that the subcommittee had tried to keep the name of Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson out of the public record. An Agriculture Department official, said Manuel, told him that in a January 1961 attempt to get special treatment from the department, Estes had invoked the names of Johnson and the late House Speaker Sam Rayburn. But when the same official, one Carl J. Miller, publicly testified before the subcommittee, he omitted Johnson's name, mentioning only Rayburn and Texas' Democratic Senator Ralph Yarborough.

Closed Doors. The subcommittee's star witness of the week was James T. Ralph, former Assistant Secretary of Agriculture who was fired after it came out that Billie Sol once took him into Dallas' Neiman-Marcus luxury store and apparently bought him expensive clothing. Before the subcommittee, Ralph conceded that he had tried on two suits in Neiman-Marcus that day and had tried on a pair of \$135 alligator shoes; but he insisted that he had just gone through the motions to avoid offending Estes, and that he never actually received the clothing.

Ralph admitted that he got two \$100 money orders from Estes, but said he sent \$100 to the Democratic campaign committee in California and \$100 to the Democratic National Committee. Ralph also testified that his former assistant, William E. Morris (another Neiman-Marcus visitor fired from the Agriculture Department), received \$200 from Estes. According to Ralph, Morris used the money to buy two tickets to a \$100-a-plate Democratic dinner, sent the tickets to Estes.

In his own defense, Ralph explained that he had been taken in by Estes because Billie Sol seemed to be "one of the most influential men in the country," and very moral besides. Ralph said he wished he had followed the advice of a "wise old sergeant" who told me in the Army that if a man didn't smoke, drink or chase women,* stay away from him."

The subcommittee met in closed-door session at midweek to consider how to handle an exceedingly touchy item of evidence: Witness Morris' sizable list of other Washingtonians who had received money from Estes. At week's end the subcommittee had not yet disclosed the names on the list, and Morris had not yet testified in open session. According to ex-Counsel Manuel, the list "would implicate certain members of Congress and at least one very high-ranking Administration official."



EX-COUNSEL MANUEL
A leak made a splash.

* Estes does not smoke or drink.



LYDIA BLACK & THE PEGRAMS



T.-C. ALLEN



HUMPHREYS



PAIGE



DAVIS

"Yes, they were on the plane."

GEORGIA The Cherry Orchard

Into a cherry orchard in France, not far from Paris' Orly Airport, walked a grey-haired man, Ivan Allen Jr., the mayor of Atlanta, Ga. Before him lay the charred debris of an Air France 707 jetliner. Through the grey, smoke-stained wreckage he poked. "I recognize that tie," he said. "And that dress. That's Bob Pegram's tie, and that dress belonged to his wife Nancy." Years before, as a youth on his first date, Allen had taken Nancy out. He moved on. Here was a pair of children's wooden Dutch shoes, there a few color slides of castles in Germany, some gay apparel, a brochure about Stratford-on-Avon, a movie camera, a green Michelin guide to Paris, a little girl's dress, picture postcards from Florence, a half-burned evening slipper. "I knew nearly every one of them," said the mayor of Atlanta. "I went to school with some of them. I was in business with others. I was in love with some of the ladies when they were girls."

Less than 24 hours earlier, the chartered jet was roaring down the Orly runway on take-off. Unaccountably, it failed to lift. The pilot jammed down on the brakes, threw the powerful engines into reverse thrust. But the speed and momentum were too great. The plane rocketed ahead, plowed through a fence, grazed a house, and smashed to pieces in a fiery cloud, killing eight French crew members and 122 passengers. Miraculously, two stewards were thrown clear.

One of the passengers was a Frenchman. All the rest were from Georgia, most of them Atlantans. Most were members of the Atlanta Art Association, which sponsored their tour through Europe's ancient citadels of art. They were the leaders of Atlanta's cultural life, and they feasted their senses at the Louvre, at St. Peter's and St. Mark's, at the Tate and the Uffizi Gallery and the Doges Palace. They had dined on the Via Veneto and in Maxim's. And after nearly a month, they had assembled for their return trip at Orly with their mementoes and pictures and memories. Now they were dead.

The List. The crash cast a pall of anguish on Atlanta. In that one searing moment on a sunny Sunday morning died a whole family—Frederick Bull Jr., his wife, their two young daughters, Bull's mother

and uncle. Dead were a dozen or so artists, some of them promising, including Douglas Davis, 33, who had been living in Paris and had decided at the last minute to visit his mother in Atlanta. Dead were Art Patron Sidney Wien, his wife and their daughter; Del Paige, president of the Art Association, and his wife; Tom-Chris Allen, southeastern advertising manager of LIFE, and his wife; Mrs. David Black, one of the tour organizers and an energetic leader in Atlanta's art world. Married couples and individual parents who perished left 31 children aged 14 and under; one Atlanta church lost 16 members, another 14, another 12.*

Atlantans who had families or friends aboard the plane rushed to the Air France ticket office downtown to check the passenger list. Over and over again, Chief Reservation Clerk Colette Lautzenhiser picked up the phone to say: "Yes, they were on the plane . . . I am so sorry." Her knuckles whitened as she gripped the phone, and her eyes closed. "I am so sorry, Madam. They were on the list."

"Don't Cry." Insistently, radio bulletins tolled the death list. The Journal issued an extra—the first since Author

* At a Los Angeles meeting of the Black Muslim organization (TIME, Aug. 10, 1959) on the day of the crash, Leader "Malcolm X" cried: "I would like to announce a very beautiful thing that has happened . . . I got a wife from God today [laughter]. Wait, all right, well somebody came and told me that he really had answered our prayers over in France. He dropped an airplane out of the sky with over 120 white people on it because the Muslims believe in an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But thanks to God, or Jehovah or Allah, we will continue to pray, and we hope that every day another plane falls out of the sky."



A.P.—PICTORIAL

MAYOR ALLEN & WRECKAGE

(*Gone With the Wind*) Margaret Mitchell died 13 years ago, President Kennedy and President de Gaulle wired their sympathies. Mayor Allen said, "This was my generation . . . my friends," and departed, via Air France, for the scene of the crash. In the streets, people gathered to read each other's newspapers, murmuring "horrible, horrible, horrible." Sunday evening church services became funeral rites. Five miles from downtown Atlanta, in the Buckhead section where most of the victims had lived, friends and relatives dropped a protective curtain of silence around the mourning families, answered the phones, manned the doors, accepted the flowers. The silver trays on foyer tables whitened with visiting cards and notes.

As if in search of clues of foreboding, many Atlantans reached back to reread cards and letters that their friends had sent, and to recall the last words they had spoken before leaving Atlanta. Housewife Mary Louise Humphreys had written: "I will never be quite the same after this trip. My horizon has widened." Frances Beers, a divorcee, had written to her daughter: "This is the most delightful trip I've ever had. If I should die on this trip, I would die happy." Mrs. Ezekiel Candler, wife of a Coca-Cola Co. executive, had told her daughter: "If I don't come back, don't worry. Don't cry. I will have died happy in Europe." Another woman wrote from Greece: "I have found here peace and beauty and understanding. Now, for the first time, I want to come back and read Homer and all the new and old books about the Greeks. I could feel all this stirring anew in my mind, and I felt well and sure."

There were some last week who thought that Atlanta's cultural life had perished in the cherry orchard. But the tragedy gave resolution to others. Amid Atlanta's grief, there was talk of establishing an art school as a memorial; there was a new burst of enthusiasm for a proposed bond issue for the establishment of a cultural center of the performing arts. But, as a Presbyterian minister said: "You can substitute people like that, but you can never replace them."

THE WORLD



"WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, HEREBY CONDEMN THIS DANGEROUS, TOTALITARIAN AND INWARD-LOOKING ORGANIZATION AS A THREAT TO OUR CHERISHED WAY OF LIFE AND IDEALS . . ."

ILLINGWORTH—LONDON DAILY MAIL

GREAT BRITAIN

Not Without Tears

Derby Day usually empties the House of Commons as Cabinet ministers, backbenchers, and the Opposition, uniformed in cutaways and grey toppers, flock to Epsom Downs. But last week, politics kept all but a handful of M.P.s from witnessing a spectacular seven-horse collision at the 182nd running of the Derby. In London, the Commons was jammed as the Tory government opened a two-day debate on the Common Market. In the constituencies of West Derbyshire and Middlesbrough West, the Tories were desperately trying to end their string of by-election defeats.

As it turned out, the Tories were running well if cautiously in the Common Market race, but in domestic politics they were in serious trouble, with the Opposition moving up fast.

The Market. The Commons debate began in the rosy afterglow of the weekend meeting between Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and French President Charles de Gaulle. No longer was Whitehall convinced that De Gaulle was determined to keep Britain out of the Market. Though the official communiqué was noncommittal, one British official summed it up: "Macmillan's weekend inclines us now to believe that De Gaulle will let us into the club—after socking us with the heaviest possible dues."

No dues are high enough for some of the opponents to Britain's entry. The opposition includes some strange bedfellows. At the COMECON meeting in Moscow, Nikita Khrushchev let loose another tirade against the Market, while in Britain, in full-page advertisements paid for by Tory Imperialist Lord Beaverbrook, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein blared: "I say we must not join Europe." Ghana's President Kwame Nkrumah denounced Britain's plans to enter the Market and found himself in tune with Australia's Prime Minister Robert Menzies, usually no friend of the Commonwealth's black members.

In the Commons itself, restraint was the keyword. Stating the government's case was the Tories' chief Market negotiator, Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath. In a factual, detailed 70-minute speech, Ted Heath argued cogently that Britain had no intention of joining the Market at any price, but explained why he was willing to pay a fairly high price. The British people, said Heath, are living "in a period of intense change, both politically and economically. Are we to be excluded from these developments? There are some who say that if we take part in them, we shall not be able to influence them. How much the less one can influence them from the outside. Will the U.S. or the Commonwealth look on us as better or more valuable partners if we remain outside the main stream of European growth?"

In reply, Labor Leader Hugh Gaitskell was skeptical rather than critical. "It is extremely foolish," he said, "to give the impression that we can carry through the whole of this operation without tears, and that there will be no difficulties whatever." But to keep the tears limited, Gaitskell

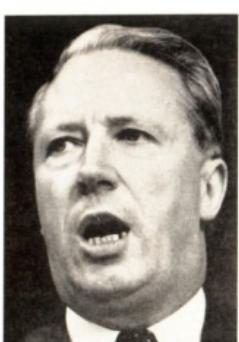
wants the government to be guided by the wishes of the Commonwealth, a view not shared by Macmillan, who has consistently declared that the decision belongs to Britain alone.

Few points against membership were really scored as both the Laborites and opposing Tory backbenchers preferred to reserve judgment until final terms could be announced. "It has been fashionable to talk about the Labor Party sitting on the fence," said Labor's Deputy Leader George Brown. "If ever we had a fence, it has been shaking the last two days with everybody climbing up alongside us."

The By-Elections. While there was a kind of wait-and-see alliance between Tories and Labor on the Common Market, there was bitter contest at the by-election polls. Buffeted by a series of by-election setbacks since March, the Tories last week suffered a stinging defeat by losing their supposedly "safe" Middlesbrough West seat to a Labor candidate—the first Tory seat that Labor has taken since the 1959 general election. And in the West Derbyshire by-election, the Tories barely squeaked through to victory as their percentage of the total vote plummeted from 1959's 61.3% to 36%.

Labor's victory and the Tories' slim win confirmed the new importance of the long moribund Liberal Party. In Middlesbrough West, the Liberals more than doubled their 1959 showing, taking most of their votes from the Tories to throw the victory to Labor, and in West Derbyshire they came from nowhere to within 1,220 votes of a staggering upset. As the Liberals' percentage of the vote has climbed to an average of 27% in the 28 by-elections they have contested since 1959, the Tories' percentage has slid 17%.

♦ Montgomery, Independent Labor M.P. Sydney Silverman, Tory M.P. Lord Hinchingbrooke, Beaverbrook, Khrushchev, Canada's Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, Independent Labor M.P. Michael Foot, Labor M.P. Douglas Jay, Labor M.P. Barbara Castle, Tory M.P. Sir Derek Walker-Smith, Labor M.P. and former Defense Minister Emanuel Shinwell, Ghana's President Nkrumah.



THE TIMES, LONDON
NEGOTIATOR TED HEATH
Willing to pay a reasonable price.

Main reason for the Tory slide is the discontent over the government's economic policies. Last summer the Tories clamped down on inflation by introducing a series of austerity measures that imposed tight installment curbs and boosted purchase taxes and bank borrowing rates. The "pay pause" kept annual wage increases down to 2.5%, the rate by which Britain's productivity rises each year.

With voter reaction against austerity reaching voter levels, the Tories have begun to take the lid off the economy. The government eased credit restrictions, lowered interest rates, cut minimum installment down payments from 20% to 10%. Last week the Tories signaled the end of the "pay pause" when a government tribunal recommended a 4% wage hike for 485,000 civil servants.

The Tories' by-election setbacks do not mean that they will automatically lose the next general election, which will probably be held late in 1963, nor does turning on the inflationary tap decisively improve their chances of victory. The Conservatives' fate depends largely on the Common Market negotiations. Should the project fail or the price of admission be judged too high, the Tories may well find themselves turned out of office. But if Macmillan, Heath & Co. lead Britain into Europe on reasonable terms, everything else may well be forgiven and forgotten.

FRANCE

The Bloody Clouds

In a broadcast to the French nation last week, President Charles de Gaulle confidently promised that the Algerian problem "will be thoroughly resolved" by July 1. On that date, he predicted, the Moslem majority will vote for independence in the Algerian referendum and the French army will begin a gradual, three-year withdrawal. Thus France will be freed for a more active role in the world—and, De Gaulle implied, for the task of constitutional reform that would make a strong executive a permanent feature of French life. As for the "last bloody clouds" caused by the terrorism of the Secret Army Organization, they would soon disappear, together with the S.A.O. strategy of "assassination, theft and blackmail."

Frenchmen, sickened by the seven-year war in Algeria and by the S.A.O.'s senseless brutality, could only hope that De Gaulle was right—even though the "bloody clouds" appeared to last longer

Ex-Gaullist Jacques Soustelle, once Governor General of Algeria and now in hiding, charges De Gaulle with being "the Kerensky of France," whose "dictatorship is international Communism's ace of trumps." In an article in the *National Review*, Soustelle calls Algerian independence a Red triumph ("Algeria will inevitably be Communist") and castigates De Gaulle as a "nationalist of the 19th century" who is neither favorable nor hostile to Communism: it "simply doesn't interest him." What De Gaulle wants, says Soustelle, is to "play a role of leadership apart from the Anglo-Saxons," and to this end he has abandoned France's overseas possessions to concentrate on his dream of "European hegemony, isolationism and neutralism."

than many political weather forecasters had predicted. If the battle was already lost for the S.A.O., it was not yet finally won for either De Gaulle or the F.L.N.

Fleeing Billions. In Algeria, De Gaulle's confident words were met by a new surge of S.A.O. hatred. His broadcast had scarcely ended when the S.A.O. launched a bazooka attack against Radio Algiers, and startled radio listeners heard screams and gunfire over the air waves. The one-week truce was abruptly broken by hit-and-run attacks on isolated Moslems. S.A.O. terrorists planted phosphorus bombs in Algiers University, and European students cheered as their school burned to the ground, destroying a 600,000-volume library.

De Gaulle's Ministry of Finance disclosed that nearly \$2 billion has fled Algeria for France within the past two years. Human beings were also in flight: the daily average of European refugees has soared from 3,000 to 8,000. This month alone, an estimated one-fourth of the million Europeans in Algeria will leave for France. They are being replaced by a slow influx of Moslem refugees returning from years of exile in neighboring Tunisia and Morocco with only a few sheep and goats and the ragged clothes on their backs. Most will come home to partially or totally destroyed villages, to weedy, untilled fields, and to the frail shelter of army tents.

Extraordinary Move. In Paris, right-wing Deputies in the National Assembly acted as if history were reversible. "We will never abandon the idea of *Algérie Française*!" cried Deputy Jean-Marie Le Pen. Despite the fact that De Gaulle has overwhelmingly won two national referendums on his Algeria policy, the rightists filed a motion of censure against the government, but were sharply defeated. Even as angry debate on the motion rang from the Assembly floor, news ticklers cracked out word of an extraordinary move by ex-General Edmond Jouhaud, who was condemned to death last month by the same military tribunal that later spared the life of his S.A.O. boss, Raoul Salan.

In a letter to Salan, Jouhaud declared that he felt "duty bound to make known today what feelings the tragedy now taking place in Algeria inspires in me." He had fought with his comrades to keep Algeria French, but events have "taken a course which is irreversible," and now "independence is a practically accomplished fact which tolls the knell of all our hopes but which must be faced with realism." Jouhaud spoke of the heaviest responsibility of leadership: "When a chief sees that the battle is hopeless, when he feels everything has been tried to achieve victory and the demands of honor met, then comes for him a sorrowful, tragic moment when he must halt the fighting."

With "death in my heart," Jouhaud asked "all those who have obeyed me to call it quits. The blind attacks against the Moslems must cease. Among those who fall in haphazard shootings are perhaps some former soldiers in the French army, perhaps our friends." He urged the S.A.O.

"to seek a meeting ground with our enemies of yesterday that will allow the French to go on living with dignity" in Algeria.

Dependent Fate. Jouhaud wrote as a man facing execution. His final appeal for a new trial was refused by the French Supreme Court. Two lesser S.A.O. gunmen last week died before army firing squads in an old fort near Paris. Jouhaud can escape a similar death only through De Gaulle's clemency, but few considered the letter an attempt to save his skin. In any event, De Gaulle has let it be known that



PAP-SHUTTERSTOCK

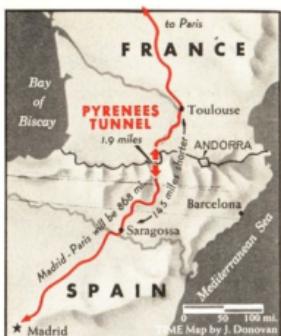
JOUHAUD IN PRISON
Writing with death in the heart.

Jouhaud's fate is dependent upon "the higher interests" of France, which seems to mean that if his appeal quiets the terror in Algeria, he will be spared; if not, he will be shot.

EUROPE

Crumbling Barriers

As Europe's tariff barriers fall under the impetus of the Common Market, natural barriers are also crumbling. Somewhere under Mont Blanc next fall, French and Italian engineers will complete the world's longest (7½ miles) vehicular tunnel, which will cut 194 miles from the 581-mile auto journey from Paris to Milan. Plans are also afoot for a joint Anglo-French tunnel under the English Channel. Last week the tunnel trend continued as France and Spain announced plans to pierce the Pyrenees. Just under



two miles long, the proposed tunnel (*see map*) will lop off 145 miles from the present 385-mile road trip from Toulouse to Saragossa. Construction is scheduled to begin early next year, will take two years. Estimated cost: \$28.5 million, of which France will ante up 60%, Spain 40%.

SPAIN

One More Step

Dictator Francisco Franco insists that Spain's current wave of unrest is a minor matter largely trumped up by the foreign press. Giving the lie to his own pronouncement, Franco's Cabinet last week decided that things were at least serious enough to suspend the article of the Spanish bill of rights that permits citizens to move freely around their own country.

What scared Franco was two bombings that shattered a Madrid bank front last week and made a mighty bang outside an administration building of the Roman Catholic Church. Police moved in on suspected members of an anti-Franco underground, arresting dozens. Then, at the Madrid airport, Franco's agents grabbed two prominent Spaniards as they returned from a widely publicized conference of opposition leaders in Munich. Economist Dr. Jesús Prados Arriarte is expected to do a three-month stretch in the isolated Canary Islands; Monarchist Joaquín de Sástrúegu will doubtless receive similar punishment. For those still out of jail, Franco's new residence decree would be equally effective.

COMMUNISTS

Bungling Materialists

In Warsaw last week, thousands of Polish housewives queued up for sugar, flour, salt and potatoes. A shiny new self-service market called "Super Sam"® rang up \$4,000 in sales during its first two hours. To stem the panic buying, the regime dispatched extra food allotments into the city, reassuringly announced that ware-

house supplies were ample. Few shoppers were convinced, especially after city officials set limits to individual purchases.

The housewives' fear was obvious. Poland, they were sure, was about to follow the Soviet Union in raising food prices. Said one woman: "Why else did Gomulka go to Moscow?"

Two Problems. Polish Party Boss Gomulka was not the only satellite leader to make the trip. Summoned unexpectedly to the Kremlin last week were the bosses of the Soviet Union's other dependencies—East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary. Reason for the conclave: a top-level meeting of COMECON (Council for Mutual Economic Assistance), the lame, 13-year-old Communist-bloc alliance originally designed by Stalin as an answer to the Marshall Plan. The COMECON agenda was, as usual, secret, but obviously two acute problems had converged to unsettle Soviet policymakers: 1) the booming success of the Common Market, which violates Red dogma that capitalist states must devour each other in competition for new markets; 2) the chronic failure of collectivized Communist agriculture.

Moscow obviously felt that COMECON ought to imitate Western Europe by closer economic integration. It has been tried before. There has been some success in sharing manufacturing tasks (e.g., Poland to specialize in coal-mining and transport equipment; Czechoslovakia in heavy electrical equipment). But most other COMECON integration attempts have failed because the satellites have learned to distrust each other's—and Moscow's—promises. As Gomulka once complained: "Everyone peels his own turnip."

Six Competitors. The meatiest turnip is the Common Market. Satellite commerce with Western Europe (most of it with the

Six) is the bloc's main source of hard currency, and in the case of Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia accounts for 30% of their trade. The Reds fear that this trade will be sharply cut as the Six deal more among themselves and less with nonmembers across the tariff wall, and that Communist trade will be clobbered in non-European markets by competition from the Six. To visiting Italian Foreign Trade Minister Luigi Preti, Khrushchev complained last week that the partnership between capitalist countries "is a marriage against nature, and nature will see it broken. In this marriage, there are not two sexes, male and female, only two males."

No one understood why Nikita regarded *Bella Italia* as male (or the other Common Market partners, for that matter). But natural or not, COMECON was eager to share in the marriage. The meeting's final communiqué again called for a new, worldwide trade organization to rival the Common Market, but at the same time hoped for increased trade with the West. The message also promised, as Moscow had innumerable times before, that "in the near future" the Communist world will outproduce capitalism both in industry and agriculture.

Not bloody likely.

One Way. In East Germany the regime last week admitted that meat and milk production had fallen far short of the planned output. In Poland, which has largely returned to private agriculture, meat production is adequate, but floods have damaged much of the nation's essential potato crop. Bad weather has also struck Bulgaria, but this cannot excuse the fact that total farm production is only slightly higher than prewar. Wheat, once an export commodity, is now imported at a rate of up to 400,000 tons a year.

Rumanian grain production has



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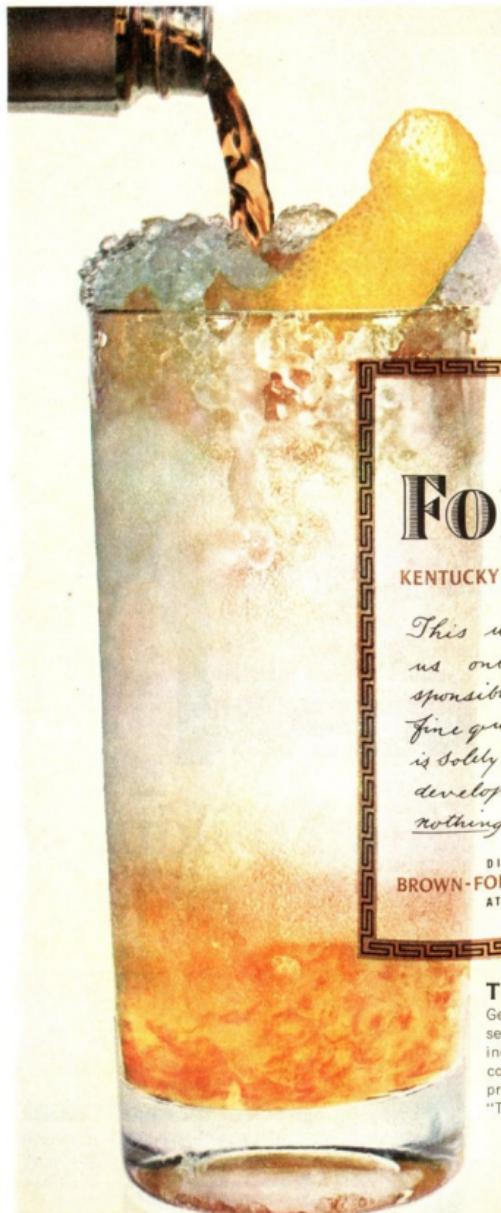
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matched prewar output only six times in the last 17 years. Horse meat in Bucharest is plentiful, but beef is scarce. Beef is also short in Hungary, which last year shipped \$3,200,000 worth of cattle to West Germany in exchange for industrial goods.

The most glaring economic dislocation is evident in the Soviet Union itself, where consumers are still adjusting to price increases of 30% on meat and poultry and 25% on butter—"the only way," as the press explained again and again, to finance higher farm wages and pay for more farm machinery and fertilizer.

Five Percent. No one expected Russians or their satellites to go hungry, or to start a rebellion over the price of pork chops. But there was a deeper, less obvious connection between hunger and history. In the years following World War II, when the Communists marked their greatest gains, their ideological appeal was based on the "revolution of rising expectations." They promised food to the hungry, a better life to all. The great turning point came when ideology had to be replaced by performance. "Communism as an ideology," wrote Milovan Djilas five years ago in *The New Class*, "has mainly run its course. It does not have many new things to reveal to the world." Since Communism has lost momentum as a source of inspirational faith, the basic issue now is whether it can triumph as a practical economic blueprint.

In that sense, Communism is failing. Not only has Moscow shown that it cannot readily afford both bombs and butter; it can ill afford to buy loyalty abroad. The Communists supply only 5% of the underdeveloped nations' industrial imports, accept an equally small percentage of exports in return; 95% of these countries' trade is with the West. As for Soviet foreign aid, paper promises of \$6.5 billion last year contrasted sharply with the \$305 million in goods and credits that actually were delivered.

The revolution of rising expectations has not been satisfied by Communism even in its own countries. The big meaning of Russia's food troubles is that the Communists are in an ironic fix: they are materialists who are bungling materialism.

BERLIN

Spree on the Spree

None of the East German border guards were suspicious one morning last week when the comfortable old *Friedrich Wolf* slipped its mooring and chugged down the River Spree (pronounced Shprey), which for two miles divides East and West Berlin. The 500-ton boat was, after all, just part of the Communist "White Fleet," the line that runs excursions for deserving comrades up and down the tangled river and canal network of East Berlin.

Carefully, the old tub hugged the right—Communist—side of the Spree, in compliance with strict orders to stay as far as possible from the West Berlin bank. Suddenly, the steamer veered off course, headed straight across the river to forbidden

territory. At once, the Grepos (border police) opened fire from the shore, from a pier in mid-river, and from a bridge 300 yds. away—for this could only mean that another batch of defectors had found a new method of escape.

The cops were right. Having outwitted the Wall-builders in the air, on the ground and underground, Berliners had now found a route for mass escapes by water. On the boat were 14 East Germans, eight employees of the White Fleet, five of their wives and girl friends, and a five-month-old infant. The night before, the cook and the steward had laid the groundwork for the plot at a party aboard the *Friedrich Wolf* by getting the captain and engineer drunk. After several hours of champagne, beer, schnapps and hilarity,



CHRISTINE & REPORTER

WEST GERMANY The Holdout

When London's *New Statesman* offered a prize for the most sensational headline, some wits felt that the winning entry should be **ADENAUER DEAD**.

Last week, smiling and erect at 86, the incredibly durable *Alte* seemed livelier than ever as he rose to address the Christian Democratic party conference at Dortmund. His major concern clearly was the pack of daily rumors and counter-rumors about when he would retire. "I should like to speak a word about this very openly," declared Adenauer, admitting that he had written a letter just before last September's elections ruling himself out as a candidate in 1965. But, he



LIESELOTTE & BODO



EAST BERLIN EXCURSION BOAT "FRIEDRICH WOLF"
A red face for the Communist "White Fleet."

the boat's chief officers staggered to bed.

The captain did not wake up until the clatter of gunshots began hours later. By then, Communist bullets were zinging through every part of the ship, but the men wisely had brought steel plates up to the bridge to protect their helmsman, a 19-year-old mechanic called Bodo. Huddled on the deck below were his shipmates, including two winsome East Berlin girls named Christine and Lieselotte. As they rammed the West Berlin shore, the refugees leaped out behind piles of lumber.

The Communist cops kept shooting until West German police blasted back. "Pinch me, so I will realize I am alive and out of Communism," said one of the ringleaders, Cook Joerg Linde, 22, as he stumbled into the arms of the West Berlin cops. By then, the released captain already was glumly steering his craft back toward its East Berlin dock, doubtless aware that his hangover was nothing compared with the headache he faced when his Communist bosses got hold of him.

added coyly, "I did not mention a date. I think it was right not to do so, my friends, for retiring from this office will depend on a number of domestic, foreign and personal considerations. It is totally incorrect to say that the Adenauer era is coming to an end."

His audience applauded sympathetically, but almost everyone knew that Konrad Adenauer was not telling the whole truth. The Chancellor's letter promising to step down "in time to enable my successor to prepare for the 1965 election campaign" added the key words, "that is, by the middle of the legislative term." That means late next year, and his coalition partners, the Free Democrats, mean to hold him to his promise, although no one would seriously object if *der Alte* stayed on just long enough to celebrate his 88th birthday (Jan. 5, 1964) in the Palais Schaumburg.

Although the old man still has a lot of strength in him, the end of the Adenauer era is indeed in sight. No more eloquent

evidence was needed than the voting list when it came time to reconfirm *der Alte* in his office as C.D.U. party chairman. For the first time in anyone's memory, Adenauer did not win the party's overwhelming consent; in fact, 15% of the delegates abstained or voted against him.

The Tall, Cool Blonde

More than 14 hours before the verdict was to be announced, crowds began to gather outside Munich's Palace of Justice. Wrapped in blankets to ward off the night chill, some of the throng dozed on field cots or in collapsible chairs. Bookmakers' odds on the outcome fluctuated. Early betting predicted a decision of guilty, but by the time the judges filed into the courtroom last week, the odds had inched to even money that Defendant Vera Brühne would be acquitted in West Germany's most spectacular murder case since glamorous Rosemarie Nitribitt, the rich man's call girl, was strangled with one of her own stockings in 1957.

With her elfin daughter Sylvia, Vera Brühne was a familiar and whispered-about figure in Munich. An elegant, well-born, still icily attractive woman of 52, she loved expensive clothes, fashionable parties, the best nightspots. She also had some peculiar tastes; once she planned to hide in a Renaissance chest in her flat and watch Sylvia seduce a friend's 14-year-old son. Lurking in her background was a burly construction worker named Johann Ferbach, 49, a wartime deserter from the Wehrmacht who met Vera during an air raid in 1944 and remained with her through her two marriages and a succession of lovers.

Prospective Buyer. One of Vera's lovers was Dr. Otto Praun, a suave, carefully tailored physician of 65 with a flourishing practice, a sumptuous house outside Munich, a \$250,000 estate on Spain's Costa Brava, and a notorious weakness for tall, cool blondes. Their affair lasted for three years, during which time Otto gave Vera the Costa Brava estate.

Two years ago, when Vera began to pall, Dr. Praun decided to take his gift back. This was true to form; he had always given the estate to his blonde of the moment, then taken it back when the affair was nearing its end. Vera agreed meekly, even proposed to hunt up a buyer for the estate, which Praun now wanted to sell. The purchaser she provided was a Dr. Schmitz. Six days after arranging a meeting with Schmitz, Dr. Praun was found dead in his home, a gun under his hand. In the basement was the body of his housekeeper and occasional mistress. The police decided that Praun had killed her before shooting himself, and quickly closed the case.

Munich gossip persisted that there was far more to the affair. Vera's parties, it was said, included a clever "murder game" based on the crime. The rumors rose to such a pitch that Munich authorities finally exhumed Dr. Praun's body. They found that he had been shot twice through the head—making suicide extremely unlikely. Also turned up was a



KEYSTONE

VERA
Daughter talked.

letter introducing Dr. Schmitz; it had been written on a typewriter found in Vera's apartment.

Vera was soon moved into the most comfortable cell in Munich's Ettrasse police jail.

Different Stories. After her mother's arrest, giddy, publicity-eager Sylvia Brühne spilled an eerie story to police and press. Vera, she said, had only pretended her willingness to relinquish the estate. The "buyer" whom she provided was actually her longtime lover, Johann Ferbach. Using the forged letter that introduced him as Dr. Schmitz, Ferbach talked his way past the housekeeper, then shot her; he then waited for Dr. Praun to return home, murdered him, rigged the suicide



KEYSTONE

SYLVIA
Mother watched.

and left—forgetting only the letter, Ferbach's promised rewards from Vera Brühne: a 1958 Volkswagen, a stolen mink cape for his 79-year-old mother, and blissful retirement with his mistress on the Costa Brava.

When the pair went on trial for murder—Vera, cool as ever, kept flirting with her guards—the defense had a different story. Sylvia retracted her previous statements as sheer invention, and a psychiatrist argued convincingly that she was completely irresponsible. The defense hinted at a number of illegal ways in which Dr. Praun might have amassed his considerable wealth, including abortion, drugs and gunrunning, implied he was more likely done in by a criminal mob than by Vera.

The court did not buy that theory. As television and movie cameras whirred, the presiding judge last week found Vera and Ferbach guilty, sentenced them both to life imprisonment. Fistfights broke out in the courtroom between Vera's supporters and a clutch of shrill women screaming "Murderess." "Please, I am not guilty," sobbed Vera. Red-eyed from crying, Vera was led off to jail—still tall, still blonde, but a lot less cool than when she first met Dr. Otto Praun.

ISRAEL Battle for the "Human" Man

Adolf Eichmann was dead and his ashes thrown into the Mediterranean, but his execution will probably stir debate for years to come. The first critical post-mortem came from Jewish Philosopher Martin Buber. All along, Buber had been opposed to the trial because it cast Israel in the role of both accuser and judge (he would have preferred an international tribunal). He also felt that the death penalty was wrong because no punishment could really expiate the Nazi crimes. Eichmann's execution, explained Buber last week, may only give Germany's youth an easy way of escaping the guilt feelings they harbored about their elders' actions. Yet these guilt feelings, he is convinced, were healthy, and helped to revive humanism in Germany.

The inner struggle over Germany's conscience, Buber believes, is part of a climactic, worldwide tug of war between the forces of "human" man and "anti-human" man that transcends political boundaries. "The arming for the final battle of the *Homo humanus* against the *Homo contrahumanus* started in the depth" of the heart, Buber said years ago. "The battlefield is split into as many individual fronts as there are nations, and those who stand at one of the individual fronts do not know the others. Dawn still shrouds the struggle, but on its outcome depends whether the human race will eventually become a human entity."

In that context, said Buber last week, Eichmann's hanging was a "mistake of historical dimensions. I cannot prove it now," he said, "but our children will. They will see how great a tragic error it was."

AFRICA

Whites Wanted

South Africa's whites are in dire danger of being swamped by sheer numbers. Today, the 3,000,000 "Europeans" are outnumbered by almost 13 million blacks, colored half-castes and Asians. By the year 2000, the surplus of nonwhites will be at least 14 million. Frightened by this prospect, Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd is sending recruiting agents all over Europe to correct the imbalance by immigration.

In a rash of newspaper ads and lecture tours, white South Africans are putting forth their country's inducements: job opportunities, a sunny climate, a bountiful subsidy to help pay travel and settling-in costs for the white newcomers. But the government faces an impossible task in its goal of gaining 40,000 additional whites a year, for the number of people who emigrate from South Africa each year, out of disillusion or fear, almost balances the number of immigrants. Last year there were 16,319 newcomers as against 14,392 emigrants, leaving a narrow net gain of only 1,927.

This year Verwoerd is pumping \$4,200,000 into the immigrant assistance program, has urged private organizations to help South Africa's campaign overseas. Only a few years ago, the Afrikaner regime was discouraging immigrants from Britain for fear of losing control in the bitter political struggle of white Boers against white Anglo-Saxons that outlived the Boer War. Now that the Afrikaners are firmly in power, even the British-dominated 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association is being invited to help find white immigrants in Britain itself. The government's first task is to help find 1,000 doctors, teachers, lawyers and other professional people to replace those who packed up and left South Africa in the past year or two because they could not stand the place any longer.

Forward & Backward

In Africa, at last, a great bloc dedicated to common sense and moderation is taking shape. Foreign ministers of 19 African nations^o met in Lagos, Nigeria, last week to approve the charter of the Organization of African and Malagasy States, which is dedicated not to revolution and fiery boasting but to the peaceful settlement of disputes, economic growth, improvement of education, transport and health.

The new grouping, a kind of miniature African United Nations first planned in Monrovia a year ago, joins most of the former French territories with the prominent English-speaking lands (Nigeria, Liberia, Sierra Leone) of Western Africa. OAMS will not upset national sovereignties; its members prefer to settle for a league with more modest and attainable goals. Its chances of success are according-

ly far greater than the glittering schemes of Kwame Nkrumah, the thwarted boss of Ghana who dreams of ruling the continent. Stung by his failure to win wide support, Nkrumah sent no envoy to the Lagos talks. Instead, he hastily convened a rival meeting of his own in Accra.

Nkrumah's conference of "freedom fighters" turned out to be another dreary, anachronistic round of anti-colonial, anti-imperialist speeches preaching "freedom" on a continent already largely free from colonial rule. The Common Market of Europe was Nkrumah's new buzz word ("neo-colonialism"), and NATO was also dragged in for critical comment. Although his own country is impoverished, the dictator promised lots of money to potential allies. Nkrumah's party paper dubbed him *Afrikahene* (King of Africa) to top all his other self-bestowed titles, including *Osagyefo* (Redeemer) and *Asomdwehene* (King of Peace).

Most of the delegates to Nkrumah's conference were earnest, well-meaning

into a small, tin-roofed army club raised on stilts above the ground.

Under U.S. pressure, Bou Oum and General Phoumi agreed at the start to give up the key Defense and Interior ministries in return for Prince Souvanna Phouma's promise that all important decisions in these vital areas be made by mutual consent—although no one was sure how a government could function effectively under such conditions. After an hour's talk, the delegates emerged for a breather and a good cigar. In a surprisingly mellow mood, General Phoumi said progress had been made, and "I think in a few days we could have a formal announcement of a coalition government." Beaming, Prince Souvanna added: "The conversations were held in an atmosphere très amiable. It is truly 100% Laotian talking to Laotian." Red Prince Souphanouvong, leader of the Communist Pathet Lao forces, was delighted to face the TV cameras. In adequate English he predicted that the coalition government would mean "peace in



SOUPHANOUVONG, SOUVANNA, BOUN OUM & PHOUMI MEET AT PLAINE DES JARRES
The tiny stream grew as wide as the Mekong.

black nationalists from regions still under white control, including Northern Rhodesia, Portugal's Angola and Mozambique. Today they welcome anti-colonial support from any source. But if experience is any guide, they will want no part of the King of Africa once they win that freedom, forget their slogans, and start the hard task of nation building.

LAOS

Banks of the Rubicon

For the sixth time, the three Laotian princes met last week to hammer out agreement on a neutral, coalition government for their divided nation.

The first arrivals at Plaine des Jarres airport were Red Prince Souphanouvong and his half-brother, Neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma, who traveled from their nearby headquarters aboard a Soviet-made Hound helicopter. Twenty minutes later a transport from Vientiane touched down, and out stepped anti-Communist Prince Bou Oum and his obdurate Defense Minister, General Phoumi Nosavan. Members of the three delegations crowded

Laos, a neutralist peace," and rejected the suggestion that it might lead swiftly to a Red takeover. When asked if he was a Communist, Souphanouvong replied, "I say nothing."

But the political climate in Laos resembles the New England weather—if you don't like it, wait a minute. After two days of conferences, Prince Souvanna conceded that a "millimeter" of dissension had arisen over the allotment of the 19 Cabinet posts, but added cheerfully that the conferees had "almost" crossed the Rubicon, and "we've found it only a tiny stream."

Hours later, the tiny stream looked as wide as the Mekong. A final meeting to sign the formal agreement broke down. General Phoumi had agreed to be Finance Minister and Red Prince Souphanouvong to take the Economy and Planning portfolio, but Phoumi flatly vetoed Souvanna's candidate for Foreign Minister, a talkative, leftist bookseller named Quinim Pholsena. At week's end, as the three princes and the general separated, the only solid-seeming agreement was to resume meetings this week.

^o Cameroun, Central African Republic, Chad, the two Congos, Dahomey, Ethiopia, Gabon, Ivory Coast, Liberia, Malagasy Republic, Mauritania, Niger, Nigeria, Senegal, Sierra Leone, Somalia, Togo and Upper Volta.

THE HEMISPHERE

VENEZUELA

Siege of Puerto Cabello

An uneasy peace settled over Venezuela after a week in which warring wings of the armed forces engaged in some of the bitterest fighting in Venezuela's modern history. Residents of Puerto Cabello, a city of 80,000 lying beside the nation's largest naval base 75 miles west of the Caracas capital, buried their dead and started to clean up their shell-pocked city. Official casualty figures for the military were 47 dead, 80 wounded. But unofficial estimates put the toll, including civilians, at more than 300.

In most Latin American nations, the military is rightist—forming an elite of its own, or serving as mercenaries ready to protect the ruling oligarchy. Venezuela is a more complex case. The country is deeply troubled despite the wealth that gushes from its U.S.-run oil wells and despite a reform-minded government run by President Rómulo Betancourt, 54, a one-time far leftist who has turned to the democratic center. Some of Betancourt's angriest opposition comes from the Communists and far left that he long ago abandoned, and there are powerful leftist elements within the armed forces. His support comes from the country at large and from the bulk of the military, which prefers his mild welfare statism to Communist upheaval.

Marines & Guerrillas. Last week's rebellion, the second in a month, broke out in the marine corps. Given a little more luck, Betancourt might have put it down with a minimum of fighting. Striking before dawn, three malcontent pro-Castro officers imprisoned the naval base's commanders and started broadcasting a call to rebellion. Their appeal was ignored. Within hours loyal navy units had won back the base and arrested the rebel officers and their followers. But the rebels were in control just long enough to dispatch a force of 700 marines to occupy the city of

Puerto Cabello, and to release 66 anti-Betancourt civilian guerrillas from the base prison. The guerrillas were each given two machine guns and went to join a group of rabidly pro-Castro students in town.

The first loyal National Guard units that tried to move into the city of Puerto Cabello were chopped to pieces by cleverly emplaced .50-cal. machine guns. The government grimly gathered reinforcements—a company of paratroopers, artillerymen with mortars and Jeep-mounted 106-mm. recoilless rifles, 20 French AMX light tanks, 3,000 regular army troops. They, too, were ambushed. At a main intersection, the rebels let three tanks pass without firing a shot. As the fourth AMX rumbled past, the rebels opened up. Ten of the twelve men crouching behind the tank were cut down. A Venezuelan navy chaplain stepped into the street and walked from body to body calling "Hijo, hijo" (Son, son) until he found one badly wounded soldier still alive. He tried to lift the wounded man, and a burst of machine-gun fire spattered at his feet. The wounded man started crawling out of the line of fire, and the rebels finished him off.

Point-Blank. As the government column inched through town, dozens of men were killed by rebels firing from windows and rooftops. Not until tanks blasted Puerto Cabello's hospital at point-blank range did its rebel defenders give up; students holed up in the high school fought on bitterly. In one classroom, Betancourt's troops found a huge portrait of Fidel Castro. They carried it outside, shredded it with their burp guns, and got on with the bloody, block-by-block fighting.

Some of the captured marines told a confused and hardly believable story: they had been hoodwinked by their officers and thought they were fighting for the government, not against it. Under no such illusions, the civilians were sullenly unrepentant. A youth of 16 stepped from his sniper's post and handed his auto-

matic rifle to the soldiers. "Do what you want to me," he said. "I've already killed seven men." It took two more days to chase the last snipers into the hills around Puerto Cabello.

Betancourt went before a National Peasants' Congress to denounce the uprising as a joint operation of the Venezuelan Communist Party and the Castroite Movement of the Revolutionary Left. Was it tolerable, asked Betancourt, "that these parties, with representation in Congress, become implicated in conspiracies that lead to the shedding of Venezuelan blood?" Reinforcing Betancourt's charge was the capture of two Castro-Communist federal Deputies among the Puerto Cabello rebels.

CANADA

Making of a Prime Minister

Nothing so stirs a Canadian's dander as the outrageous suggestion that Canada is just a northern version of the U.S., with a somewhat chillier climate. In his five years in office, conservative Prime Minister John Diefenbaker has issued a steady call for what he calls the "Canadianization" of Canada—more Canadian control of such industries as petroleum (57% owned by U.S. investors), more of a Canadian flavor to the country's art, slang and dress, much of which gets its inspiration south of the border. But politics is something else again. As Canada's national campaign went into its final stage before the June 18 election, both Diefenbaker and Liberal Challenger Lester ("Mike") Pearson obviously thought that what makes a President in the U.S. is bound to make a Prime Minister in Canada.

With a bow to Dwight Eisenhower, Pearson supporters appeared at rallies



TROOPS MOVING IN



MOMENT OF AMBUSH
From body to body, calling "Son, son."



PADRE UNDER FIRE



WALTER SCHLESINGER

And so there was a cry: "Let's get Canada moving again."

wearing giant-sized "I Like Mike" buttons. But the real emphasis was on more recent political history. Pearson read Theodore White's *The Making of the President 1960* as soon as it came out—as he says, "any man in this occupation would be bound to absorb some of the lessons pointed out." Like Kennedy, Pearson assembled a band of brain-trusters to analyze Canadian problems. A Kennedy-style GHQ swung into operation, studying reports from the field and firing back tactical orders. Party statisticians made minute poll analyses of the political ground in Canada's 263 electoral ridings, and the local candidates got full reports.

As the campaign proceeded, with airplane dashes all over the country, being everywhere at once à la Kennedy and Nixon, Pearson struck the familiar Kennedy themes—things at home were stagnating, Canadian prestige abroad was declining. His most often repeated statement was, "Let's get Canada moving again." He challenged Diefenbaker to debate on TV, but Diefenbaker declined to be baited.

Diefenbaker, too, is a student of White's book. But instead of the scientific Kennedy approach to politics, he leans to the intuitive style of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the master of re-election. Thus the book he really likes is Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s *The Age of Roosevelt*—all three volumes. Like Roosevelt, Diefen-



WALTER WHITE

baker planned to pace his campaign slowly at the start, run on the record, and then dazzle the voters in the final weeks with a vision of new glories ahead. Roosevelt, an incumbent for so many years, believed that too familiar a face can become a tired face. "Pearson started too early," says Diefenbaker. "He should have read Schlesinger on Roosevelt, the way I did."

Too early or not, the latest Canadian Gallup poll last week showed the Liberals running ahead. It reported 44% favoring Pearson's Liberals, 36% for Diefenbaker's Conservatives, and an important 20% divided among minority parties. The realm's shrewdest guessers forecast a close election, with the distinct possibility that neither party will win an absolute majority.

CUBA

Wait Till Next Decade

Just to show that he's still one of the peasants, Cuba's Fidel Castro likes to don a wide-brimmed straw hat, peel off his starched green uniform shirt, and work up a good sweat by chopping away in the sugar-cane fields. Last week he had some hardly reassuring words for his fellow cane workers struggling to get in Cuba's drought-blighted and sorely mismanaged sugar crop. Conditions in Cuba will surely change for the better, said Fidel, "in ten or twelve years."

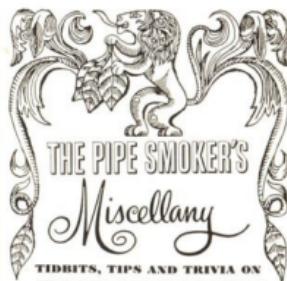


REMOVING THE DEAD



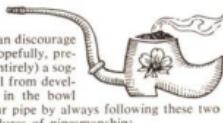
AIDING THE WOUNDED

"I've already killed seven men."



TIDBITS, TIPS AND TRIVIA ON
THE ART OF PIPESMANSHIP

HOW TO KEEP YOUR HEEL DRY



You can discourage (or, hopefully, prevent entirely) a soggy heel from developing in the bowl of your pipe by always following these two procedures of pipesmanship:

- 1 After every pipeful you smoke, empty out *all* ashes—and *all* unsmoked tobacco, too. Leave a respectable cake, of course.
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PEOPLE



MILER CUNNINGHAM (GLENN JR., SECOND FROM RIGHT) & FAMILY
In less than 3:48.

Making his own crowd at the Seattle World's Fair, Kansas Rancher **Glenn Cunningham**, 52, world's greatest miler in the 1930s, took in the sights with his wife, their nine children, and an orphan boy whom he is caring for at his Cedar Point spread. Cunningham ran 26 races in less than 4 min. 10 sec., a time that college milers beat regularly today, and the former Kansas flash saw no end to the improvement. "They'll get the time under 3:48," a full 6.4 sec. better than the current world mark, he said, and nominated one candidate for the feat: 14-year-old Glenn Jr. Said Glenn Sr.: "He can outrun most of the high school kids in his home country right now."

Ambling along East Side Manhattan, Visitor **Harry S Truman** allowed to reporters as how they are in error when they write a period after his middle initial. The *S* is not an initial but a name, he insisted, and therefore a period is not required. However, he added with a grin, "there are some who put an *a* in front of it and add a second *s*."

All that jazz was getting on Nikita's nerves, so Soviet officials started bugging **Benny Goodman** and his touring boys. First they stopped an RCA recording crew and an NBC-TV team from taping a Black Sea blast in the resort of Sochi, then they banned the distribution of B.G. buttons, next they arrested a fan for fraternizing with foreigners ("We will be lucky if we see him again," mused a bystander), and finally they tried to bar Benny's 19-year-old daughter Rachel from going backstage, thinking she was one of the local cats. Said Good-Willer Goodman: "It shows a terrible weakness on their part, doesn't it?"

Back from an eleven-day Far Eastern swing, **Thomas J. Deegan Jr.**, 51, chairman of the \$215 million New York World's Fair of 1964-65, had reason to gloat. Private groups in Britain, France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium and The

Netherlands had just ordered space for exhibits. South Korea signed up, and so did Japan and Hong Kong. With those additions, the total number of nations that will be represented climbed to 66.

In the grand old tradition of kiss-and-sell, sultry Parisian Singer Juliette Greco, 35, let upwards of 10 million European readers in on the details of her four-year whirl with Cinemogul **Darryl F. Zanuck**, 59, who took her from cellar cafés to stardom in *The Roots of Heaven*. "What can a young woman see in an elderly tycoon with a toothbrush mustache, who smokes like a chimney, speaks through his nose and is perpetually angry?" asked Juliette in serialized memoirs in *Paris Match* and London's weekly *People*. The answer, said she, was that "I have always loved lost causes. He was like an orphan to me. I was attracted by that poor little rich man who was in some ways blind, deaf and dumb." The old Romeo's reply to sweet Juliette: a \$20,000 damage suit for making him look "ridiculous."

If Vice President **Lyndon Baines Johnson**, 53, spoke like a father to the 62 white-gowned graduates of Washington's National Cathedral School for girls, it might have been because Daughter Lynda Bird, 18, was one of the chicks, "perched," as her daddy said, "to leave the nest." L.B.J. announced their future in nightingale tones. "Gone beyond recall, and beyond regret, is the old evil tradition which set a spacious destiny before men, and a shabby career before women," said he. "Some of you may live to see the day when the prejudice of sex will no longer place the presidency beyond the reach of a greatly gifted American lady. Long before then, I hope that you will see a woman member of the Supreme Court."

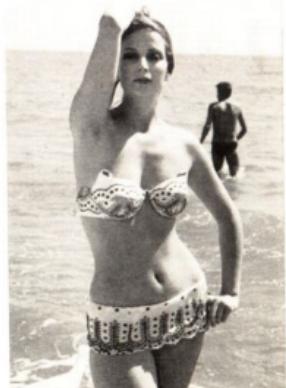
That full-page overexposure in *Harper's Bazaar* last winter showing Model **Christina Paolozzi**, 22, in nothing but mascara was ever so fashionable. But fashions change. And there last week was Christina

at Fregene beach outside Rome. Same pose, same look. But all choked up in a new bikini.

After dinner at Leighton's Restaurant in Ardsley, N.Y., the customer ordered his white '61 Chevrolet convertible from the parking lot. It wasn't there. To the scene rushed Westchester parkway police, who noticed a look-alike '62 Chevy in the lot and figured somebody had gotten the wrong car. But who? The cops traced the leftover '62 to the Hertz rental company, were told that it had been checked out to a fellow named **Henry Ford II**. Yeah, sure, scoffed the troopers. But sure enough, the Ford Motor Co. chairman, roused by a telephone call to his Manhattan apartment, confirmed that he had indeed rented a '62 Chevy. He likes to see how the competition runs, explained Ford blandly, and as a matter of fact, he had noticed a difference in the two Chevys. The one he arrived in had an empty ash tray. The one he left in had a full ash tray.

AWOL from the set of *Something's Got to Give* for 20 out of 32 working days, Marilyn Monroe pouted, "I feel lousy." Maybe so, retorted Fox officials, but the misery was of the money kind—a long-term commitment pegged her salary at a paltry \$100,000 while others were knocking down twice as much. With MM's maladies expected to add another \$1,000,000 to the film's \$5,000,000 budget, the studio lost patience with its naughty girl, fired her for "repeated willful breaches of contract," sued her for \$500,000 damages, and signed up baby-faced **Lee Remick** to go on with the show.

From their honeymoon yacht *Eros*, the couple hurried to the Vatican with the news. In a 40-minute audience, Spain's **Prince Juan Carlos**, 24, and former Greek Princess **Sophie**, 23, already looking ul-



MODEL PAOLOZZI
In a little more than mascara.

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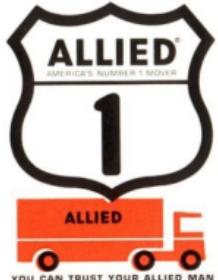
But this isn't a change you can make over-night. And meanwhile, American

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TM 6-15



SOPHIE & JUAN CARLOS IN ROME
When in Spain . . .

tra-Spanish in a flowing black silk gown and billowing mantilla, told a beaming Pope John XXIII of her conversion to Roman Catholicism. Sophie pledged her submission "to all the precepts of the Catholic Church," thus satisfied the Spanish monarchists who hope some day to see her husband rule the country. In high spirits, Sophie and Juan Carlos flew off to Madrid for a private luncheon with Generalissimo Franco, the only man with the power to restore the monarchy.

Just off the backstretch at New York's Belmont Park, 56 horses went on the auction block as the late Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane's Brookmeade Stable was dispersed. Over 37 years, the blunt auto heiress made \$20 million breeding horses at her 850-acre farm in Upperville, Va., and racing them under Brookmeade's white silks and crossed blue sashes. In its last day at the track, Brookmeade was still a winner: the horses brought \$1,000,300, including a record \$75,000 for an unnamed yearling filly sired by the 1955 Kentucky Derby winner, Swaps.

Lifting a leaf from his younger brother's best-known book, Biologist Sir Julian Huxley, 74, offered a smashing suggestion to a London meeting of the Eugenics Society—that enlightened husbands, in the interest of a brave new world, ought to let their wives undergo artificial insemination via "some admired donor." At first, conceded Sir Julian with elegant understatement, the idea would probably meet with "abuse" and "various legal difficulties." But it would catch on: "The certain success of the experiment in the shape of outstanding and happy children would soon be decisive in inducing an increasing number of couples to adopt similar methods."

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The tyranny of large numbers

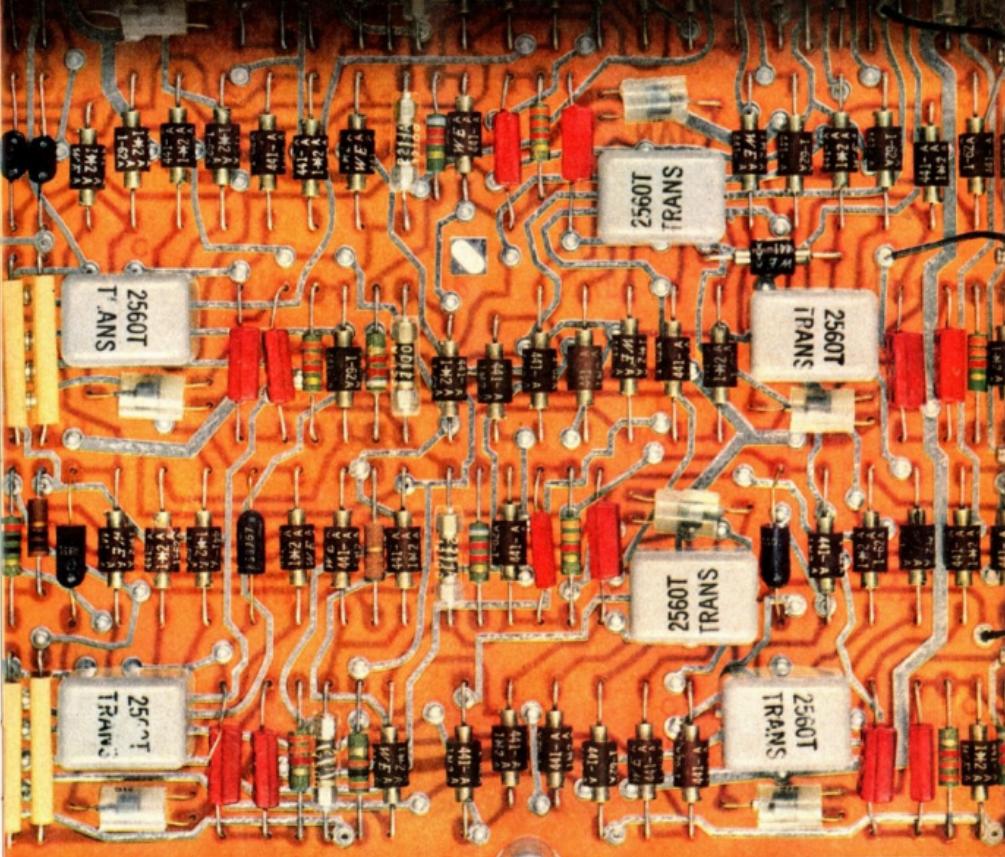
This is a close-up of the Bell Telephone network — just one among countless such arrays which, tied together, make up this nation-wide network. It happens to be one section of a new system for carrying many conversations over a single pair of wires. Each system contains thousands of interconnected components which must work perfectly — and work perfectly together. For the failure of any one component would nullify the function of all the others to which it is connected.

This is what Bell System engineers mean when they

talk about "the tyranny of large numbers." How to assure the reliability of the astronomical number of interconnected components that modern communications technology requires?

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We work best because we work together.



Western Electric

Manufacturing and Supply Unit of the Bell System



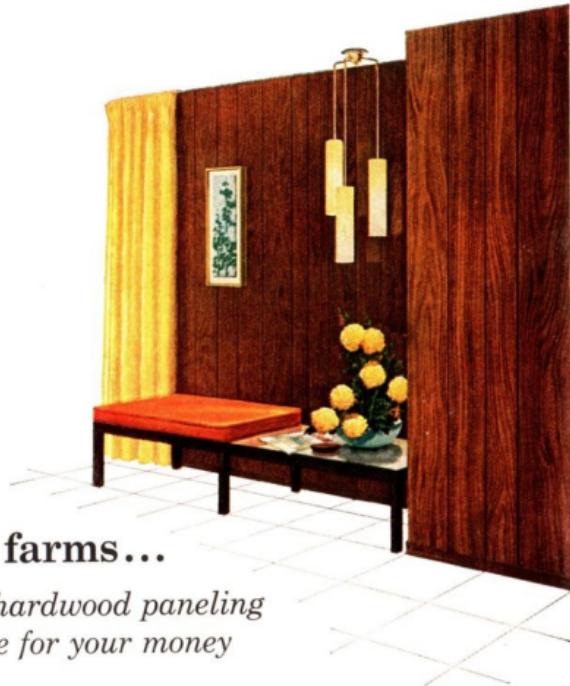


Autumn on a privately owned hardwood tree farm

Tree Farming, the American Way—Today there are nearly 23 thousand tree farms in the United States. Most are owned by farmers or individuals who voluntarily agreed to grow trees in repeated crops. The timber they harvest is sold principally to forest industry firms, including Weyerhaeuser, to be converted into a variety of products. This is the American Way—free cooperation among private owners and industry in managing commercial forestlands and their resources in the best public interest.

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MINNEAPOLIS PICKETERS
And hot copies wrapped . . .

No News Is Bad News

You never miss the water till the well runs dry.

—British Poetaster Rowland Howard
Wholesale street-corner thefts of St. Paul newspapers approached 1,500 copies every Sunday; every petty crook in town seemed anxious to make a killing by running the contraband across the Mississippi into Minneapolis. In Minneapolis itself, Mrs. Florence Kennan's butcher, as a favor to a good customer, slipped her a hot copy of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*—wrapped to resemble a leg of lamb. Two people fainted in the crush of eager newspaper buyers around a downtown Minneapolis newsstand. Hyman P. Shinder's kiosk, the biggest in town, collected a crowd each Sunday dawn, even though Shinder's consignments of papers from Minneapolis' twin city does not arrive until 8. Every copy bought from Hyman for 20¢ had a resale value of nearly \$1.

For Minneapolis, the well had run dry. As the strike that silenced both the evening *Star* (cir. 204,496) and its morning companion the *Tribune* (229,837) wore into its tenth week, the city gasped for news as a thirsty man for drink. "You just can't find out what's going on," beefed Cab Driver Rudy Thrope. "A guy I know died and I didn't find out for a couple of days." "I get home now," said Hennepin County Assistant Attorney Theodore Rix, "sit down in the chair and turn on television. What's on? *Captain Kangaroo*." Said Mrs. Joel Redlin, summing up a whole city's grievance: "I miss my paper. I miss it, that's all."

Better than Nothing. Efforts have been made to relieve the news drought. The struck papers themselves bought radio time for a daily newscast, and some radio stations have amplified their own news coverage; the daily list of the dead, and even editorials, are now broadcast regularly; TV station WTCN pleaded on the air



THE PRESS

for an end to the strike. Neither radio nor TV, said the station, could substitute for a city's papers. Suburban Newspapers Inc., which peddles five weekly papers throughout Minneapolis suburbs, raised its press run from 23,000 to the mechanical limit—29,000—and brought out a new Sunday edition. Two department stores, desperate at declining sales, teamed to produce a ten-page paper of shopping news that contains nothing but ads and TV program listings: it is consumed in 15,000 Minneapolis homes.

By far the most ambitious attempt to fill the void is the Minneapolis *Daily Herald*, introduced May 1 by Minneapolis Adman Maurice McCaffrey. Although the *Herald* has little visible merit, crisscrosses freely from TV newscasts, lacks even a wire service, and drips with errors (its daylight-saving time announcement missed the changeover by 24 hours), McCaffrey claims a press run of 154,000. "Well," said one Minneapolisian as he shelled out a dime for the *Herald*, "it's better than nothing."

Benefits & Beneficiaries. Like most newspaper strikes, this one began with the standard labor-management debate over pay hikes, vacation and sick time, pensions and other fringe benefits. And like most strikes, it quickly degenerated into a stubborn argument over a trifling: the tying of newspapers into bundles before loading them into trucks—long a mailers' prerogative. The papers' management wants to eliminate tying entirely and pack the papers loose into the trucks. The move would also eliminate 25 mailers, who have been promised jobs elsewhere in the plant. But the mailers flatly refuse, insist that they can hold out longer than the papers' strike-insurance. Last week Minnesota Governor Elmer L. Andersen and Minneapolis Mayor Arthur Naftalin met with union leaders in a vain attempt to break the deadlock.

However long Minneapolis' protracted newspaper strike lasts, it has already produced some unexpected benefits—and beneficiaries. Hundreds of high school valetdictorians may be disappointed because their names and pictures will not get into the papers this year, but the city's drunken drivers have not complained in the least about eight straight weeks of anonymity. The University of Minnesota School of Journalism polled newspaper-hungry citizens on what they missed most, and got a response that should encourage papers everywhere: the funnies ran a poor seventh, far behind both the editorials and the ads; what Minneapolis missed most of all, the survey revealed, was "the news."



ARTUR HAGER
READERS AT SHINDER'S STAND
... to resemble a leg of lamb.

Freedom of the Press: British Style

"Having given you some idea of our progress," said Cecil Harmsworth King, "I would like to digress." Then, before the annual meeting of stockholders in London last week, the proprietor of the world's largest publishing house, the Mirror Group (*London Daily Mirror*, *Sunday Pictorial*, plus 220 other periodicals), took a telling swipe at freedom of the press—British style. Said King:

"The British press is as censored as most censored presses, though in an arbitrary and indeterminate way. We employ on the *Mirror* and [Sunday] *Pictorial* three fulltime and eleven part-time barristers to avoid printing libels, breaches of parliamentary privilege, breaches of the Official Secrets Act, or committing contempt of court. Over the years, the area of operation of these newspaper hazards has been steadily widened until criticism of any kind is becoming impossibly risky."

The principal Official Secrets Act was originally passed to provide protection against the communication of state secrets to possibly hostile foreigners. The act is now used quite cynically to protect the reputation of ministers, and, above all, of civil servants. One of the last occasions of the use of this act as I recall, was to raise difficulties about a newspaper report of attacks on nurses by patients in Broadmoor.

"There is also an unofficial censorship through 'D Notices'—warning editors of news the government does not wish to be published for security reasons. Some of these matters are entirely petty, or so general as to be of no possible value to a foreign power. The system comforts only

♦ Short for "Defense Notices"—which are issued by the government to publishers as guidance on security affairs. Fleet Street is not obliged to respect the D Notices, but invariably does.

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Airline Pilot Tells How!



Capt. Roger Don Rae flies jets. He says: "We know that smoking impairs your ability to see at night. When flying, or driving an automobile, this is something to think of. Bantron helped me stop smoking almost without noticing it. I recommend it to my friends."

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... to get it Straight

those, it seems to me, who require secrecy as a cloak for their blunders.

"The operation of the libel laws is even more serious. Judges and juries are increasingly inclined to regard any criticism as defamation and to award damages out of all relation to any harm done. The trouble here is not that newspapers do commit libels and do pay heavy damages. . . . The damage is done by the omission of reports or the watering down of reports that should have been printed. We have now reached a point where strictures on a provincial police force will produce a libel action from the chief constable, which he will probably win.

"Personally, I think this drastic curtailment of the liberty of our press is against the public interest. This country is too smug, complacent and sluggish, and pointed criticism might do much to get us moving again." Added Cecil King, whose giant *Daily Mirror* (circ. 4,561,876), biggest newspaper in the Western world, stands as impressive evidence that he knows what Britons want to read: "But if, on consideration, the British public wants this censorship of the press, at least they should realize how much of what they should know is not printed—and why."

New Job for Mauldin

Just before he flew off to Europe on a combined holiday and art-buying tour, Joseph Pulitzer Jr., 49, publisher of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (circ. 378,293) and grandson of its founder, tarried long enough to take a phone call from his editorial cartoonist, Bill Mauldin (*TIME* cover, July 21). Mauldin's message was brief: he was leaving the *P-D* (which was recently added to the official White House reading list, replacing the *New York Herald Tribune*) for a better-paying job on Marshall Field Jr.'s Chicago *Sun-Times* (circ. 551,529). "Well," said Pulitzer levelly, after expressing polite regret, "maybe we'll buy the stuff."

Maybe Pulitzer will. In four years in St. Louis, Mauldin amply proved his right to succeed the *P-D*'s famed, caustic Daniel R. Fitzpatrick, who retired in 1958. A professional whose genius ripened early and produced an indelible monument in the wartime characters of Willie and Joe, Bill Mauldin floundered aimlessly through the postwar years before rediscovering and refining his talent on the *P-D*.

Mauldin is leaving mainly for money. His salary was \$20,000, and he shared his syndication take with the paper. Mauldin's slice: 25% of the net, or about \$10,000 a year. On the *Sun-Times* he will get \$25,000 and all the syndication royalties, which might go to \$25,000 a year, since the *Sun-Times* plans to boost his papers from 80 to 200.

Divorce in San Francisco

For purely commercial reasons, the highly competitive Scripps-Howard and Hearst newspaper chains have been nursing an uneasy West Coast alliance since 1959. That year in San Francisco, Hearst's



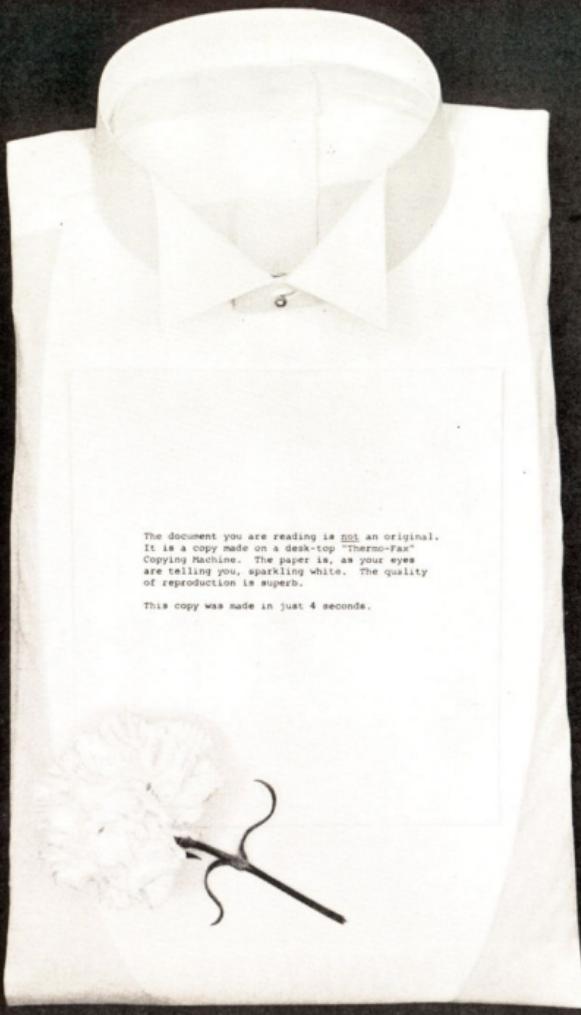
ARTHUR E. FILLMORE
CARTOONIST MAULDIN
Up on the Sun-Times.

money-losing evening paper, the *Call-Bulletin* (circ. 140,207), merged with Scripps-Howard's equally unprofitable evening paper, the *News* (101,758). Last week, for purely commercial reasons, the uncomfortable alliance ended in amicable divorce. For some \$500,000, Hearst bought its partner out.

Cut-Rate Coup. From the very beginning, nothing about the merger had made much sense. Only hope of survival brought the two chains together in the outside chance that the weld—awkwardly dubbed the *Nexx-Call Bulletin*—might cure a combined deficit approaching \$1,000,000 a year. What Hearst really wanted was to take over its smaller rival; the union was approved only after



PUBLISHER HEARST
Alone in the evening.



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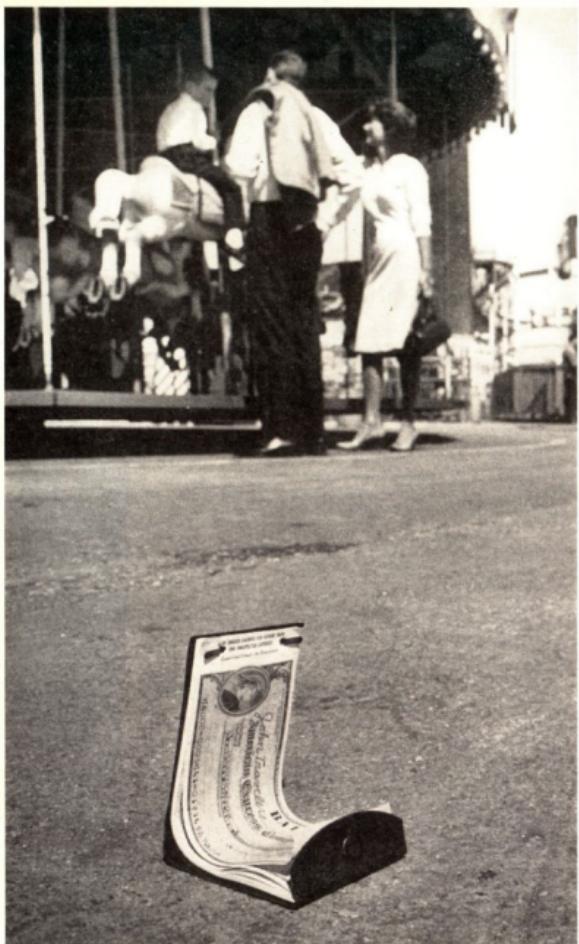
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**AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVELERS CHEQUES**

Scripps-Howard, anxious to hang onto its only West Coast newspaper (its next westernmost outlet is the Albuquerque, N.M. *Tribune*), paid \$500,000 for the right to run the news side of the joint operation, leaving business affairs to Hearst.

The grudging marriage of convenience proved a dismal flop. By rights, the hyphenated offspring should have had a circulation roughly equal to the sum of its parts (241,965). Instead, circulation dived to 191,143. By rights, a single evening paper, without competition, should have gained ads. Instead, in 1960, the *News-Call Bulletin's* lineage fell 6% from 1960's figures. By rights, the combined operation should have reduced the combined deficit. Instead, the new paper went right on losing about \$2,000,000 a year.

For William Randolph Hearst Jr., 54, titular heir to his father's empire, the new deal in San Francisco seemed something of a coup, and he could not resist a brag: after all, said Hearst, "we got a whole newspaper for practically nothing." It was certainly a cut-rate way to restore a full link to Hearst's dwindling newspaper chain—now down to twelve, including San Francisco, from a highwater mark of 26. But beyond that, the deal had other significance.

Useful Pawn. In San Francisco's morning field, Hearst's once dominant *Examiner* (circ. 278,173) is fighting for its very life against the rejuvenated *Chronicle* (300,131). Not only has the *Chronicle* stolen a circulation march on Hearst, but it is rapidly closing the advertising revenue gap. The ambition of the expansion-minded *Chronicle* is nothing less than total victory; it would like to drive Hearst clear out of town.

But since the *Examiner* was Pop Hearst's first paper, Junior feels a strong sentimental attachment that will not let him yield. In his morning struggle with the *Chronicle*, the evening *Call-Bulletin* (the word *News* will be dropped from the masthead), oddly enough, may prove a useful pawn. Through advertising tie-ins between his morning and evening papers, Hearst may be able to undercut the *Chronicle* rates. Furthermore, Bill Hearst is well aware that should he ever abandon San Francisco's evening field, he would leave it wide open for the *Chronicle*—which could then move in and publish round the clock—or to an outsider like Bill Knowland's Oakland *Tribune* across the bay.

In Milwaukee, an American Newspaper Guild strike against the morning *Sentinel* (circ. 192,167) kept the paper closed for the second week—a shutdown—first in the *Sentinel's* 125 years—that may soon destroy one of the weaker links in the Hearst newspaper chain. What the Guild wants most of all is a pension plan, something the *Sentinel* does not now have. But before the walkout, Hearst executives in Milwaukee warned the Guild that if it persisted in seeking contract improvements, the *Sentinel* would follow other Hearst newspapers into the cemetery of extinct organizations."



Scotch without rocks.

There is only one way to tell how good Scotch is.

Taste it neat. (Without ice, soda, or water.)

Pour half an ounce into a jigger.

First smell it. The bouquet will give you an idea of whether it is raw or harsh. (Good Scotch always smells good.)

Then sip it slowly. When the Scotch hits the back of your throat, you may

possibly wince or shudder.

This is the whisky "back bite."

Chivas Regal Scotch is entirely free of "back bite."

It goes down as smoothly as honey.

It is never less than 12 years old.

The origins of Chivas Regal are lost in the Scottish mists.

Some say 1695. A charter reads 1786.

Chivas Regal is still made with the prize "soft" Scotch of the Glenlivet

Highlands. (This is one of its secrets.)

Extravagant sherry casks are still brought from Valencia, Spain for ripening it. (Each costs over £35.)

The spirits are completely mellowed or "married."

("The only good marriage," said a dour Scotsman.)

Chivas Regal costs more than most Scotch.

As you would imagine.



Will the population explosion in packaged goods knock you off the shelves? Today literally thousands of brands of packaged goods are advertised and promoted, displayed and sold. New ones are coming along every day. There's a population explosion in all kinds of packaged goods. And even a good "established" product can become a casualty in the battle for shelf space in supermarkets, drugstores and other retail outlets. Do your products go to market in packages that have sales appeal, that pro-



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tect the contents adequately, that are convenient to use, economically sized—the kind of packages that can stand up to competition in every way? If there's the slightest indication that a newcomer—or an older product in a new dress—has the edge on you, it's time to check with Continental. We can give you the kind of modern can, bag, box, bottle, jar, carton, pouch, pail, wrapping or drum—plus the service and technical help you need—to keep and build your share of the market. **YOU KNOW YOUR PRODUCT... WE KNOW PACKAGING. MAKE CONTINENTAL YOUR PACKAGING PARTNER.**



Holding the line . . . for a richer harvest

Boll weevil, codling moth, leaf rollers, thrips and beetles . . . these are only a few of the thousands of insects that chew up millions of dollars worth of farm crops each year. Fortunately, however, they are no match for a new Union Carbide product called SEVIN insecticide. In the United States and many other countries, the use of SEVIN has already saved such staple crops as cotton, corn, fruits and vegetables from destruction by ravaging insects. ► You can now get SEVIN insecticide for your own garden as part of the complete line of handy EVEREADY garden products that help you grow healthy vegetables and flowers. SEVIN comes from years of research in Union Carbide laboratories and at an experimental farm in North Carolina where scientists prove out their latest agricultural chemicals. ► This is only one area in which chemicals from Union Carbide help improve everyday living. The people of Union Carbide are constantly at work searching for better products that will meet the needs of the future.

A HAND IN THINGS TO COME

LOOK for these famous Union Carbide products—SEVIN Insecticide, EVEREADY Garden Chemicals, "6-12" Insect Repellent, LINDE Synthetic Emeralds and Stars, FIRESTONE Car Care Products. Union Carbide Corporation, 270 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. In Canada, Union Carbide Canada Limited, Toronto.

UNION
CARBIDE

EDUCATION

Election for School Boss

In the California primaries last week, Former Vice President Richard Nixon's victory drew all the national attention, but Californians showed almost as much interest in a technically nonpartisan primary contest for a post with no patronage, little power, and until now, practically no

Angeles Times and San Francisco's *Chronicle* and *Examiner*.

But it was Maxwell Lewis Rafferty Jr., 45, who put most of the zip into the fight. The one-time superintendent of a couple of middle-sized school districts in Southern California, Rafferty ran against every lingering aspect of progressive education, often appearing on the platform with Joe



HARDESTY



A free-for-all that may turn out to be good for all.



RICHARDSON

public notice: state superintendent of public instruction.

State school superintendents, still chosen by election in 22 states,²⁰ are generally empowered to propose education bills to state legislatures and to enforce minimum standards for otherwise autonomous local boards. In California this year, the end of an unimaginative 17-year incumbency provided an opportunity for candidates and backers to debate that currently feverish topic, the shortcomings of public education, and also prompted them to offer remedies. Nine candidates entered the free-for-all.

For Teaching Machines. Liberal Democrat Ralph Richardson, 43, a U.C.L.A. English professor and president of the Los Angeles school board, flew his own plane all over the state to argue for a program of team teaching, smaller classes, summer schools, teaching machines. Opposing excesses of disciplining that would turn the schools into "penal institutions," Richardson argued that California's teaching of the basics, especially English, could be systematically upgraded "without wasting energy in name calling or labels about progressive education or the 'three R's.'" He got well-organized support from liberals and labor.

San Diego County School Superintendent Cecil Hardesty, 55, an able but colorless middle-of-the-roader who based his campaign on experience and a nonpartisan approach to the state's education problems, received the endorsement of the Los

Shell, the right-wing gubernatorial candidate who lost to Nixon.

Rafferty's main campaign weapon was his prose style—a rococo Winchellese that might draw some stern blue-pencil from any sophomore composition teacher, but nonetheless put over his ideas with plenty of punch. Just in time for the campaign, he published a collection of his articles entitled *Suffer, Little Children*. About the same time, California's billboard jungle began to bloom with Rafferty signs, and thousands of brochures announced "California schools need the fourth R—Rafferty."

To Cure Slobbism. Candidate Rafferty's personal formula for curing "slobbism" and the loss of U.S. scientific leadership to "a race of lash-driven atheistic peasants" covered a wide spectrum. He would eliminate fuzzily named "social studies" or "language arts" courses and reinstate plain names, such as history, geography and English. He proposed courses on Communism and free enterprise, and reinstatement of the singing of *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean* (which he charged was dropped by antimilitarists who objected to schoolchildren singing "The army and navy forever / Three cheers for the red, white and blue").

In his book Rafferty wrote: "The quest for the Golden Fleece has been crowded out by the visit of Tom and Susan to the zoo. Jackie pursues his insipid goal of a ride in the district garbage truck with good old crochety Mr. Jones while the deathless ride of Paul Revere goes unwept, unhonored and unsung. Modern education has debunked the hero to make room for the jerk."

Richardson complimented Rafferty on having "the finest mind of the 12th century," Rafferty accused Richardson of "left-leaning liberalism" and being soft on life adjustment.

The tally told its own story of how passionately Americans take school affairs nowadays. After three days of neck-and-neck counting, the candidates ended in the closest expectable approximation of a three-way tie. Richardson got 705,330, Rafferty 641,808, and Hardesty 631,230. The effect of producing no clear majority was to throw the contest into a November runoff between Richardson and Rafferty. Between now and then, California will hear a lot more sharp and generally wholesome debate on what its schools should be.

Kudos

A university awarding honorary degrees has some of the problems of a Washington hostess: how to snare the most eminent guests, fulfill obligations, perceive who's up and who's down, and keep the party lively with "interesting" people. Some honorary-degree recipients have become the equivalent of Supreme Court Justices on the Washington party circuit—distinguished figures with lifetime tenure. Eleanor Roosevelt and Ralph Bunche long ago lost count of their degrees. Herbert Hoover has 85, Chief Justice Earl Warren 50. Cabinet members on active duty usually get honored by at least one school, and most college presidents can comfortably rely on their colleagues for a degree every few years.

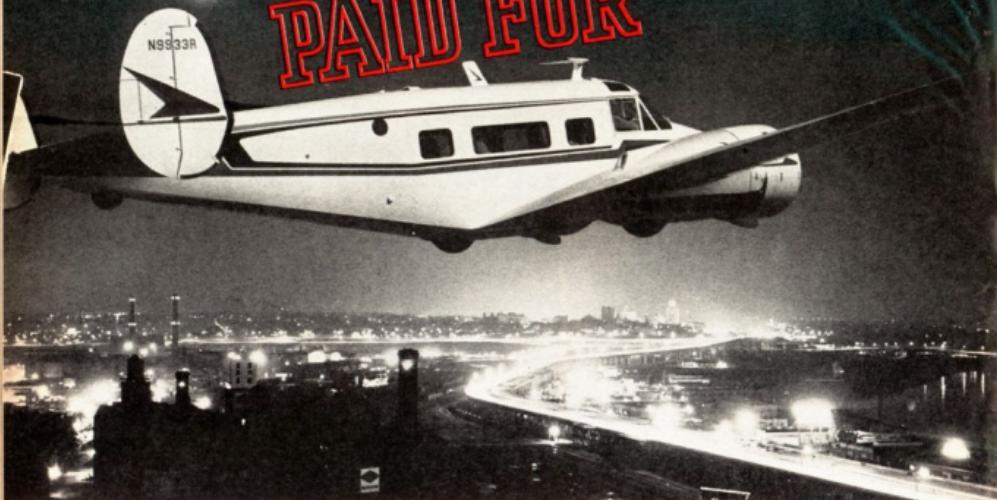
But each year has its own in-group. Among men, this year's big catch is Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, who was offered eight degrees and is accepting four. The woman with the most cachet is Rosemary Park, president-elect of Barnard College, who in four successive days last week got four honorary degrees (from the University of Bridgeport, Brown, Columbia and New York University). The Peace Corps' Sargent Shriver and the



BARNARD'S PARK
To the fourth degree.

²⁰ Superintendents are appointed by the state board of education in 23 states, by the governor in five. The trend is away from elections.

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Facts about actual travel studies that have helped many firms double or triple executive efficiency.

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Alliance for Progress' Teodoro Moscoso are much in demand; each gets three degrees this season. Bruce Catton and Scotty Reston, often honored in recent years, are again in cap and gown.

A sampling of other honors, minus those that, though indubitably deserved, are clearly expectable:

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George Romney, president, American Motors Corp., Republican candidate for Governor of Michigan LL.D.

Imaginative captain of industry and independent judge of measures that contribute to the public good.

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE

Katharine Cornell, actress L.H.D.

Jacques Picard, sea explorer Sc.D.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Chester R. Huntley, TV commentator L.H.D.

Archbishop Makarios, President of the Republic of Cyprus D.D.

You have joined deep religious convictions with dedicated statesmanship.

BROWN UNIVERSITY

Artur Rubinstein, pianist Mus.D.

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY

Carl F. Hansen, superintendent of schools, Washington, D.C. LL.D.

COLLEGE OF WOOSTER

Henry R. Luce, editor-in-chief, TIME INC. L.H.D.

Over the years, you have held that the moral law was our only guide through whatever jungle to any place of order and peace.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Harry F. Guggenheim, president, Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation (New York's Guggenheim Museum) LL.D.

Gerard Piel, editor and publisher, *Scientific American* L.H.D.

Llewellyn E. Thompson Jr., U.S. Ambassador to Russia LL.D.

DEPAUL UNIVERSITY

Richard Daley, Chicago mayor LL.D.

He has walked with Presidents—indeed, has helped to elect them.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Bob Hope, comedian L.H.D.

He made us laugh when we had but too much cause for tears.

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
Robert R. Gilruth, director, Project Mercury Sc.D.

KENYON COLLEGE

Alan S. Paton, author, leader of South Africa's Liberal Party Litt.D.

In honoring you in absentia, we break a tradition as old as Kenyon College itself. We do this sadly yet willingly, since you have been deprived of the right to travel by men who are afraid of both your pressure upon the conscience of your countrymen and all civilized men.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY (ILL.)

Alan T. Waterman, director, National Science Foundation Sc.D.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY (LA.)

The Most Rev. John Cody, Coadjutor Archbishop of New Orleans (and successor to the noted Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel) LL.D.

He has guided his people into richer fields of Catholic action and has directed his efforts toward the realization of Catholic social justice.

MONTMOUTH COLLEGE

Stanley F. Musial, outfielder, St. Louis Cardinals L.H.D.

Such is his prowess that even the vociferous partisans of Flatbush, who gathered within the sacrosanct walls of the late lamented Ebbets Field, found naught but to praise and dubbed him "Stan the Man."

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

William H. Schuman, composer, president, Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts Mus.D.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

General Curtis E. LeMay, Chief of Staff, U.S. Air Force Sc.D.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Mark F. Ethridge, publisher, Louisville Courier-Journal and Times Litt.D.

Willie Snow Ethridge, author, wife of Mark Ethridge Litt.D.

SMITH COLLEGE

Cheryl Crawford, theatrical producer and director D.F.A.

Honor Bridget Fell, cell biologist, director, Strangeways Research Laboratory, Cambridge, England Sc.D.

UNIVERSITY OF BRIDGEPORT

Richard Rodgers, composer LL.D.

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

J. Edward Day, U.S. Postmaster General LL.D.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

The Most Rev. Paul J. Hallinan, recently named first Archbishop of Atlanta LL.D.

A priest of patience and tenderness [who] will make sense out of the hopes and anxieties of the people of his region.

Frederick Seitz, president, National Academy of Sciences LL.D.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Félix Houphouët-Boigny, President and Foreign Minister of the Republic of Ivory Coast LL.D.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

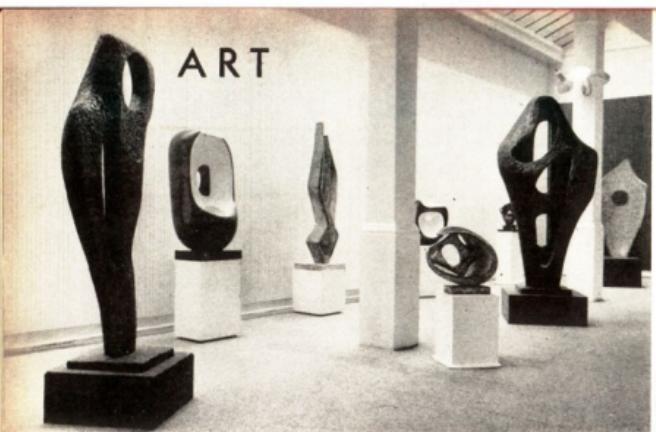
Mark Schorer, professor of English, University of California at Berkeley. Sinclair Lewis biographer Litt.D.

Whitney North Seymour, lawyer, president, American Bar Foundation LL.D.

WHEATON COLLEGE (Mass.)

Martha Graham, dancer D.F.A.

ART



HEPWORTH SHOW IN LONDON
The feeling of the embrace of living things.

Impulses Towards Life

"Art is beyond sex," says Barbara Hepworth, and she would deplore being called Britain's top woman sculptor. Yet she is, and more: after her old friend Henry Moore, she is possibly Britain's best sculptor of either gender. Last week a ten-year retrospective show of her work was on view in London's Whitechapel Art Gallery, and a new book about her—*Barbara Hepworth*, by J. P. Hodin (McKay; \$17.50)—is out in the U.S. Though her work is now totally accepted, both the book and the show prove what a vital thing it has always been. Barbara Hepworth is as responsible as anyone for rejuvenating British sculpture and for prodiging the nation out of the artistic torpor that had stifled it ever since the death of Turner. Not until she and her contemporaries began their bold experimenting did English art outrun the Royal Academy.

Her first contribution was to import: her early figurative work borrowed imaginatively from African and archaic sculpture and from the elemental forms of Brancusi. But in 1931, she produced a small carving pierced with a hole to give a sense of flow to the figure and to lead the viewer's eye around it. Just as no one can say for sure whether Braque or Picasso did the first cubist painting, so no one can be sure whether Moore or Hepworth first did this kind of open sculpture. In any case, the innovation destroyed the prison of the outer shell to reveal the hidden forces at work inside. Sculpture could be truly organic, for Barbara Hepworth's penetrations never violated the integrity of nature. No matter what shape the sculpture took, it was intuitively faithful to natural or human form, and no matter how abstract it became, it was never removed from life. Nature and abstraction were one; sculpture became a statement of unity.

The hole gave new strength to the play of light and shadow, and sometimes Bar-

bara Hepworth paints the hollow to give it added mystery. Sometimes, too, she binds the sides of the hollow with a cat's-cradle of string in order to ensnare the eye and lead it deeper into the interior. Whether carving directly on wood or stone or working in plaster to serve as a cast for bronze, she bounces back and forth between representation and abstraction, just as nature goes back and forth from the specific to the ideal. But even at her most abstract, Sculptress Hepworth is concerned with living relationships—the lone figure in a landscape, "the tender relationship of one living thing beside another, the feeling of the embrace of living things, either in nature or the human spirit."

Twice divorced—her second husband was Painter Ben Nicholson—Sculptress Hepworth lives and works alone in her studio-home in Cornwall. Her work can take the form of smooth organic shapes or of ribbons of bronze leaping with life. The one will seem to throb as if it had a pulse; the other will be all rhythm. The only sculpture that matters, says Barbara Hepworth, springs from "innate impulses towards life, towards growth—impulses whose rhythms and structures have to do with the power and insistence of life. That is how I feel about it: life will always insist on begetting life."

38 Views of the Armada

When Painter Julio de Diego was a boy of 15 in Madrid, he already knew that he wanted to be an artist, but his father, a wholesale and retail merchant, objected. Father insisted that Julio and Julio's brother should aim for business success. "He even removed the table from my bedroom to discourage me from drawing," recalls De Diego. "One day I found some of my drawings, and he had written all over them, destroying every one: 'You are a Bohemian and this will be the cause of your dying of hunger.'" So Julio stuffed a few clothes into a suitcase, left the house

for good, and, true to the romantic pattern of art biographies, became a successful painter. His brother inherited the business, gambled it away, and killed himself.

At 62, now many years a U.S. citizen, Julio (pronounced *hoo-lee-oh*) de Diego is a gaunt, intense man, who suffers from the burden of being known to gossip-column readers only as a former husband of Gypsy Rose Lee. As an artist, he fits into no easy pigeonhole, and is far from what is commonly considered to be the mainstream of modern art. He is a traditionalist at heart—and one of the best—yet he is not afraid to pursue an eccentric notion wherever it may lead. Last week a De Diego show that opened at Manhattan's Landry Gallery attested not only to his technical gifts but also to his fertile brand of individualism. Who but Julio would exhibit 38 paintings devoted exclusively to the Armada (*see color?*)

Actually, there are many reasons why he became intrigued by the Armada, from the fact that it set sail on May 9,⁶ his birthday, to the fact that it is in every Spaniard's blood. Most of the paintings are small, but their scale does not detract from their impact. The ships struggle against wind and fire in a kind of wild dance; they glow bright red, founder among emerald waves, finally surrender to the sloshing rhythm of the sea. There is always high drama in the fall of a great fleet, and Julio de Diego has caught it well. The Armada's disaster has provided at least this welcome triumph.

When De Diego came to the U.S. at the age of 24, he was an ex-scenery designer, ex-ballet extra, ex-movie actor, ex-army officer, and a political exile. While working for the WPA, he did U.S. street scenes, landscapes, and "some very terrible murals." It was not until World War II, when he withdrew to his studio to paint "a war I did not see but a war I felt," that he hit his current stride. With the technique of the Spanish masters and the memory of Goya's *Disasters of War*, he turned out a series in which unearthly creatures marched and attacked in an eerie portrayal of all wars. It was a remarkable series, and his most ambitious, until he tackled the tragedy of the Armada.

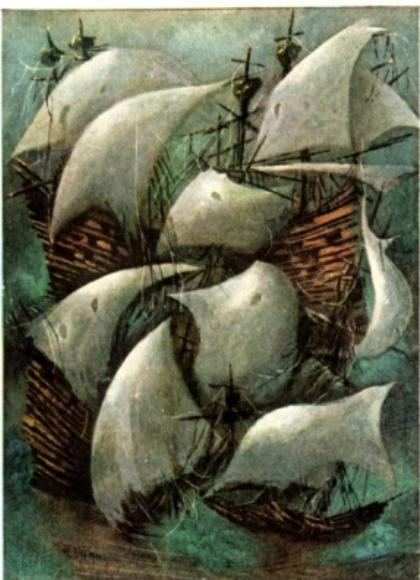
⁶ From Lisbon, in 1588. But gales kept it in the mouth of the harbor for nearly three weeks.

WALTER DAWH



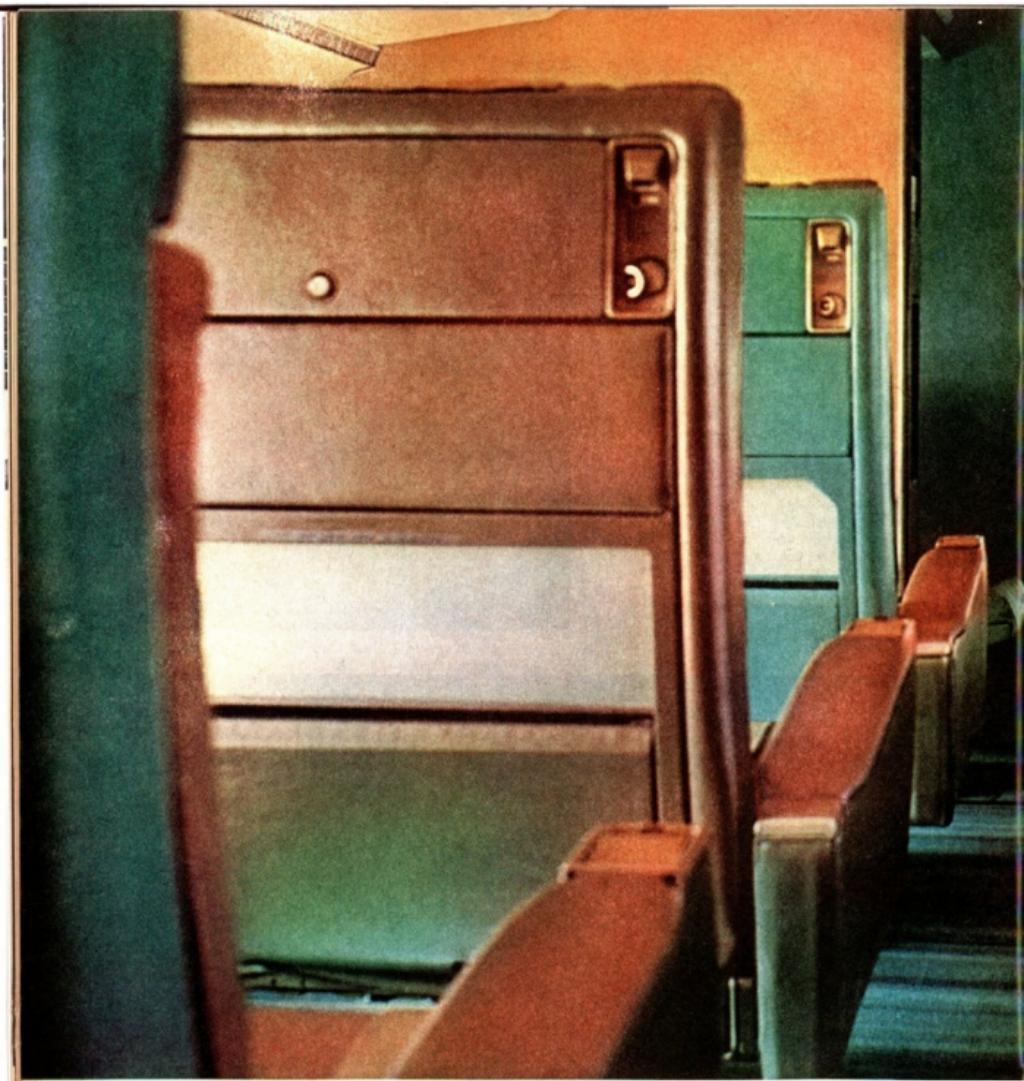
PINTOR DE DIEGO
The pursuit of what he wanted.

JULIO DE DIEGO devotes his first Manhattan show in 9 years to studies of the pride and fall of the Spanish Armada. Shell-like sails (*right*) billow helplessly while wrecked galleons (*below*) are splintered by a raging storm.



ALBERT LANSKY GALLERY





United Air Lines believes that people make an airline. People who know their jobs, who know what's expected of them—but never stop at that. On any United flight you are on, hundreds of United people are looking after you...with true devotion to their jobs. This devotion to our standards is what we have come to call Extra Care.

THEY WERE THERE

For the first time in his busy day, the Captain was alone. His passengers had been gone for some time. His crew had just left the big DC-8 Jet Mainliner®. And the cleanup squad had not yet boarded.

For a moment, the Captain allowed himself to think of the many people who had been with him that day—but whom he had not seen.

The meteorologist in charge of the upper air. He had forecast the trends from Los



Angeles to New York—and hit them on the nose. The meteorologist who had forecast the terminal weather—just as precisely.

The dispatcher at the operations base. He and the Captain had authorized the flight plan by which the Captain had flown from coast to coast. And he had kept in touch with Flight 816 during the four hour and forty-five minute trip.

And then there were the experts of the operations planning center.

Aircraft routers who kept track of every United plane. Mechanical experts who knew his big jet like the backs of their hands. Operations planners who were in constant touch with every station on the line, ready to tell him where to go, should he need an alternate airport.

He hadn't needed them...today's trip across the country had been pleasantly routine...but, the Captain thought, it was good to know they were there.

WORLD'S LARGEST JET FLEET

UNITED
®

THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE



We're pressing salt blocks today—for customers coast to coast

Cattle like their salt in blocks . . . and Morton's huge salt-block presses turn out thousands of blocks a day to satisfy bovine appetites from Maine to California.

The blocks can be plain salt, iodized, trace-mineralized, or any of a number of other combinations of salt and necessary nutrients, to meet the special needs of farmers and feeders in any part of the country. This is but one of the many services Morton offers customers who need salt for some *fourteen thousand* different farm, home and industrial uses.

Morton supplies salt to the nation from ten salt sources, through thirty sales offices and warehouses. You never need worry about delivery "bottlenecks" endangering your continuous operations, because Morton can guarantee two or more sources for any grade of salt you require. This coast-to-coast organization may save you thousands of dollars every year!

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Figs for Newton

In an article headlined ALL THAT NEWS & NO DOLLS, *Variety* Columnist George Rosen this week looked back at television over the past season and coined a word for what had happened to it: "minowism." Under the influence of minowism, TV has become singularly zealous in public affairs, documentary and news programs. "Yet," says Rosen, "the question is frequently being asked these days: how much is enough? If, as is generally concluded, television is essentially an entertainment medium designed to give the viewer a respite and a measure of relaxation after a day's travails, at what point do the 'public interest' scales tip in creating an imbalance and glamorizing of what is basically glamorous?"

"As TV's enterprising news-public affairs entrepreneurs roam the globe to update the current events story (and pretty soon every nook and corner will have been explored, extending into outer space), the man in work clothes and business suit who has just returned home from a day with other men in work clothes and business suits finds himself watching and listening to still other men in work clothes and business suits. Which is O.K., up to a point, since TV or any other medium bereft of enlightenment will justifiably fade into oblivion . . . But how long is it since TV has unearthed a new and glamorous femme star to slake the thirst of the aforementioned viewer in quest of relaxation? . . . Occasionally the sought-after glamor in the form of white tie, tails, ballroom scenes and pretty dolls will show up on a Garry Moore show or a Perry Como episode, but, by and large, whether it's new public affairs or the run-of-the-mill Hollywood vidfilm product that's hell-bent for realism, TV today, for the man in work clothes and business suit, is simply an extension of what he sees, hears and participates in all day long."

CONCERT HALLS

Big Brother at the Philharmonic

"Hurry, Cicely, and finish your drink. There's the buzzer, and you know I don't want to miss the *Eroica*."

"Oh, fiddlesticks, Horton. Let's just sit here at the bar and watch it on the monitor. It seems so much more Bernstein, somehow, on TV."

A new dimension in concert-going will unfold with the opening of Philharmonic Hall in Manhattan's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts next fall. Proving that art is not above imitating lower forms of life, the Philharmonic's architects have adopted a favorite gimmick of baseball and race-track clubhouses, enabling ticket holders to watch the main event on television from the convivial comfort of the bar. Furthermore, scarcely a corridor or a dressing room in the 2,612-seat concert hall will be out of range of a television camera. From the subterranean

garage, where VIPs will disembark from limousines, to the rooftops overlooking the plaza, the whole place will be bugged for sight and sound.

Invisible Eyes. In Philharmonic Hall, cameras in more than 20 locations will be able to follow a concert in almost embarrassing detail for the nationwide TV audience. In the auditorium, a dozen cameras can be trained on the stage from built-in vantage points invisible to concertgoers. Many of these can zero in on the audience as well, to catch them in the act of applauding, fidgeting or snoozing. Another camera will be mounted directly above the center of the stage to permit overhead shots reminiscent of old Hollywood musicals. This camera can be aimed by remote control to focus on any group of instruments or on a closeup of Glenn Gould removing his mittens at the Steinway. Eight cameras outside the auditorium can pick up arriving audiences as they ascend the two grand staircases, buzz about the terrace galleries, eye one another in the promenade, or sip champagne in the café lounge. Backstage cameras will be ready to telecast interviews in the Green Room or to invade individual dressing rooms.

To lend the ultimate air of TV reality, there will be a sponsor's booth commanding a view of the stage and auditorium, and equipped, of course, with television monitors so that the sponsor will feel right at home. It will also be mercifully soundproofed so that the sponsor may flick on his own commercials without disturbing the audience below. Facing the sponsor's booth is a tier of three picture-windowed control rooms on the other side

of the hall. One is for recording, one is for radio, and one is for television.

Cable & Cannon. Not all the cameras in Philharmonic Hall are permanent installations. Many will be brought in by whatever network is covering a particular event. But the receptacles are there for plugging in the equipment wherever it is needed, and no longer will miles of cable snake down aisles to trip the unwary.

The closed-circuit television system will transmit the stage activities not only to the public bars and lobbies but also to backstage dressing rooms and the penthouse quarters of the Philharmonic's top managerial brass. For special events, such as children's concerts, a 15-by-23-ft. TV screen will be lowered behind the stage, and when Leonard Bernstein says, "Now, boys and girls, watch how the oboist's cheeks puff out when he does the next passage," there will be the oboist, bigger than life, in his pop-cheeked moment of glory.

Philharmonic Hall is scheduled for a grand opening Sept. 23. Two weeks ago technicians tested and acoustically tuned the hall. A twelve-gauge yachting cannon was fired from the stage; the orchestra played over and over a specially commissioned composition full of loud noises and sudden silences—Daniel Pinkham's *Catastrophic Measures*—to test echoes and reverberation periods. To simulate the presence of a live audience, seats were filled with pointy-headed fiber glass dummies eerily resembling hooded KKKlansmen, while such fine musical ears as Leonard Bernstein, Leopold Stokowski and Erich Leinsdorf prowled the corridors, listening critically as technicians shifted the position of acoustical panels suspended from the ceiling to correct defects. Final verdict: O.K. for sound.



TUNING THE HALL
More Bernstein on screen?

MEDICINE

Dessert Before Dinner

The youngster who wants to start his supper with ice cream and cookies, and leave the meat and potatoes until last, usually accomplishes nothing except upset his mother's appetite. But the kid is right and his mother is wrong, says Dental Surgeon Howard R. Raper of Albuquerque. Sweets eaten at the beginning of the meal leave little sugar in the mouth, because later courses scour it away. And sugar remaining in mouth crevices promotes tooth decay.

For weight-conscious adults, there is an added advantage to reversing the customary order of courses, says Dr. Raper in *Dental Survey*. People who begin their meals with dessert will probably kill much of their appetite; they are not likely to ask for seconds on the main course. The suggestion that sweets should be eaten first has often been made in the past, says Dr. Raper, but the regimented menu remains. Even in his own home, the dentist cannot get dessert first unless he makes a point of asking his wife for it. As for restaurants: "It can be accomplished now and then, provided one exercises enough diplomacy to settle the Berlin dispute."

Red Before Cavities

In Stickney Township, on the outskirts of Chicago, kids who never heard of Dentist Raper (*see above*) may soon be using his arguments to browbeat their parents into serving backward meals. For Stickney eighth-graders have just had a colorful demonstration of what sugar left in the mouth may mean.

At the bidding of a dental-health educator, the kids chomped energetically on a wad of flavored wax. When the wax had done its job of stimulating a free flow of saliva, the dentist collected a saliva sample from each child and mixed it with a special reagent. Within a few minutes, the samples showed a variety of colors. These color changes, according to an inventive biochemist, Dr. Gustav W. Rapp of Chicago's Loyola University, predict whether a child is likely to develop a lot of tooth cavities. The colors (from an enzyme in the saliva) will indicate the children's relative risks: blue means little chance of imminent cavities, orchid means some chance, red suggests real danger, and a no-color reaction is most ominous of all.

If the test is repeated on the same child at different intervals after he has brushed his teeth, it registers the activity of a food-breakdown enzyme in the mouth. Even a child who is normally a "red reactor" with decay-prone teeth will show a blue reaction immediately after a good brushing. Those who eat their desserts first are not nearly so likely to need a toothbrushing for relative safety.

Merely predicting cavity risks is nothing new. But Dr. Rapp and officials of the Chicago Dental Society believe the wax



CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

COMPRESSION CHAMBER & PATIENT DOUMA
Saved by an obvious, relatively simple, neglected treatment.

chew test will be particularly helpful. Its color changes appeal to kids and help to demonstrate the value of mouth hygiene. And if broader trials confirm the saliva test's predictive value, it will show dentists whether a child's teeth need a protective painting with a fluoride solution.

For Lockjaw Crisis: High-Pressure Oxygen

By the time he got to St. James Hospital in Chicago Heights, 25 miles south of the Loop, Farmer Ralph Douma, 72, was already in desperate shape. His jaw was stiff, and he could hardly open his mouth. He had difficulty in swallowing, and he was suffering from severe pains in his legs and back. St. James doctors had a hard time diagnosing Douma's problem: he was dying from tetanus (lockjaw) caused by a dirty wooden splinter he had picked up in his chicken yard 13 days before.

Without much hope, the doctors started all the standard treatments: a hefty shot of tetanus antitoxin (to counteract the poison released by the bacteria in the festering wound), penicillin to reduce the spread of infection, sedatives to calm the anguished patient, and muscle relaxants to ease his stiffening, contorted body. They cleaned the infected wound and put Douma in an oxygen tent (because the nerve center that controls breathing is especially susceptible to tetanus poison). But it seemed to be too late. During the next 24 hours, Douma suffered several convulsions and muscle spasms. His back arched like a bow.

Gas Gangrene & Oxygen. Still the four doctors on the case tried to think of something else to do for the stricken farmer. One of them remembered having read last year in the professional journal *Surgery* about patients infected with gas gangrene bacilli; oxygen treatment in a

compression chamber had apparently helped to bring about surprising cures. Gangrene is not the same as tetanus, but the bacilli that cause both problems are closely related; they—and possibly also the poisons they make—are destroyed by an excess of oxygen. The *Surgery* report was by Dr. I. Boerema and his colleagues at Amsterdam's Wilhelmina Hospital, but a hasty transatlantic call failed to reach Dr. Boerema. Eventually an assistant gave the necessary information, and with the consent of Douma's family, the Chicago Heights team decided to go ahead. There was much to gain, and with every passing minute there was less to lose.

First problem was to find a compression chamber (usually used for slow decompression of divers and tunnel workers to guard against "the bends"). A construction company in McCook, 30 miles away, agreed to send in one of the 6-ft. by 16-ft., four-ton monsters by trailer truck. It was 1 a.m., 38 hours after his admission, when Douma was carried into the chamber after it was finally set up in a lot at the rear of the hospital. Two doctors fitted him with a special oxygen mask, and stayed with him inside the steel chamber as he was flooded with about 50% oxygen. They sent the pressure up to three atmospheres (44 lbs. per square inch), held it there for two hours, then slowly dropped it back to normal.

Then Douma was taken back to his hospital bed and conventional oxygen tent. It was too soon to be sure of any improvement, but at least he was no worse. Twelve hours later, the doctors gave him a second high-pressure treatment. After that, as his muscles relaxed and his arched back straightened, Douma was clearly on the mend. Just five days after entering the hospital, and little more than three days after his first tank treatment, Douma spoke for the first

time. His lockjaw had eased enough for him to swallow water and milk, and he seemed well on the way to recovery.

Death for Half. Exactly why the compression chamber treatment worked so well, Farmer Douma's doctors are not sure. They know that the penicillin they administered kills tetanus bacilli; oxygen presumably helps to kill them faster. Oxygen's effect on poisons manufactured by the bacilli is not yet known, so the Douma case alone proves little. But one of the doctors remarked: "It's amazing that such a relatively simple and obvious treatment, based on an old but neglected principle, should have to wait until 1962 to be tested." Equally amazing is the fact that although lockjaw is almost entirely preventable by vaccination, only one American in four bothers to get the preventive tetanus toxoid shots. Half the 450 tetanus cases reported in the U.S. each year still die unnecessarily.

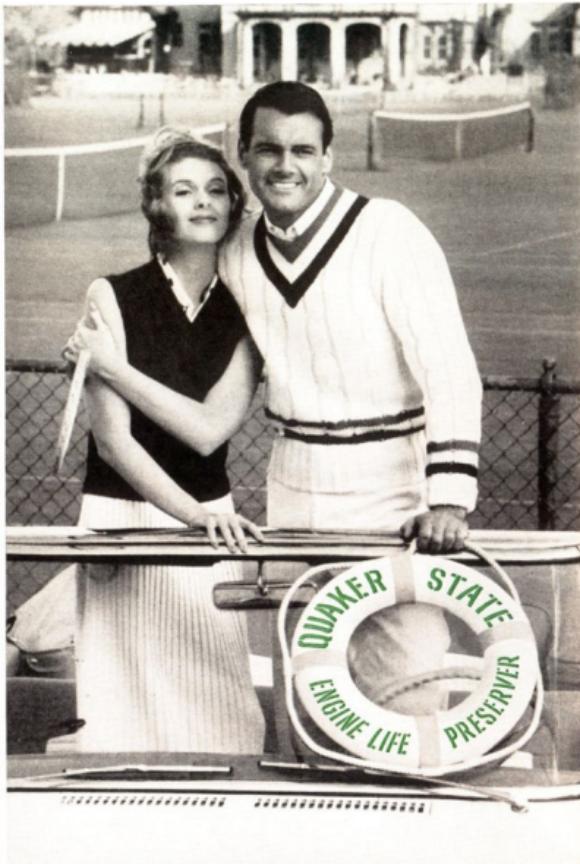
Cat Fever

Only recently have doctors recognized cat-scratch disease to account for the previously unexplained aches and fevers that occasionally afflict cat fanciers. And there is still plenty for doctors to learn about the oddly varied and sometimes serious forms that the disease can take, says the A.M.A. *Journal*. Latest information: it can be caught by a person who may not even have been scratched.

The new evidence was supplied by Dr. John N. Snyder of Catonsville, Md., who treated five cases in a single family. First victim was a thoroughly scratched ten-year-old boy, who went to the doctor's office with a sore throat, swelling on one side of his face and neck, and enlarged lymph glands. The boy recovered in a couple of days without treatment. Next came his three-month-old baby brother, also suffering from a swollen neck, fever, and a lump bigger than a golf ball at the base of his neck. The baby had apparently never been scratched by the family kitten, but Dr. Snyder concluded that the lump in his neck was his thymus gland, swollen by a cat-scratch infection that had probably penetrated the skin through a rash. The baby got better after penicillin treatment.

The third victim was an eleven-year-old girl. She had many of the same symptoms, plus conjunctivitis and a sore around her nose. These cleared up after tetracycline treatment. Then the family's six- and seven-year-old boys came to the doctor. They had severely abscessed glands, one in the armpit and the other behind the ear, which had to be punctured and drained.

Neither Dr. Snyder nor anyone else has yet identified the actual cause of cat-scratch fever, but it is believed to be an unusually large virus—the only kind that can be effectively treated with antibiotics. Why the sixth child in the Catonsville family did not get sick, though he was often scratched, the doctor has no idea. And, he notes, the kitten that set off the two-month family epidemic showed no sign of illness.



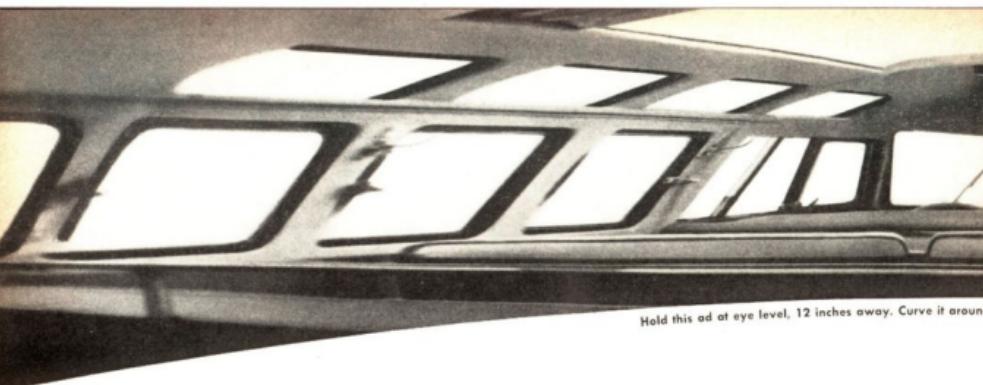
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your car's best engine life
preserver is Quaker State

Your day always turns out more pleasantly with Quaker State in the crankcase. This years-ahead motor oil keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop—saves you money. Refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, Quaker State gives

every car longer-lasting lubrication and complete protection. It's the finest motor oil your money can buy. So always insist on Quaker State—the best engine life preserver.

*QSORC, 1962

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP.,
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA



Hold this ad at eye level, 12 inches away. Curve it around

The Volkswagen Station Wagon: You either love it or you hate it.



Some people will never buy a VW Station Wagon.

It's not everybody's little box on wheels.

On the other hand, once we get a customer on our side, it's usually for keeps.

It's that kind of car.

True enough, it does seem to be a strange sort of animal at first: no nose, no tail, no fins, no wings. Looks like a bus?

You might say that.

But don't let its shape fool you. It holds more people and more things than the biggest conventional wagons.

Yet it's a good 4 feet shorter than the big boys because all the room is on the inside.

There's much more room than you've ever seen in any regular wagon.

More headroom.

More storage room.

A full-sized playpen (with full-sized baby) goes right in; the center seat comes right out.



No, you can't park it here.

Or it can hold an open bridge table, complete with players and kibitzers.

Now that you're inside, look up. The sky comes



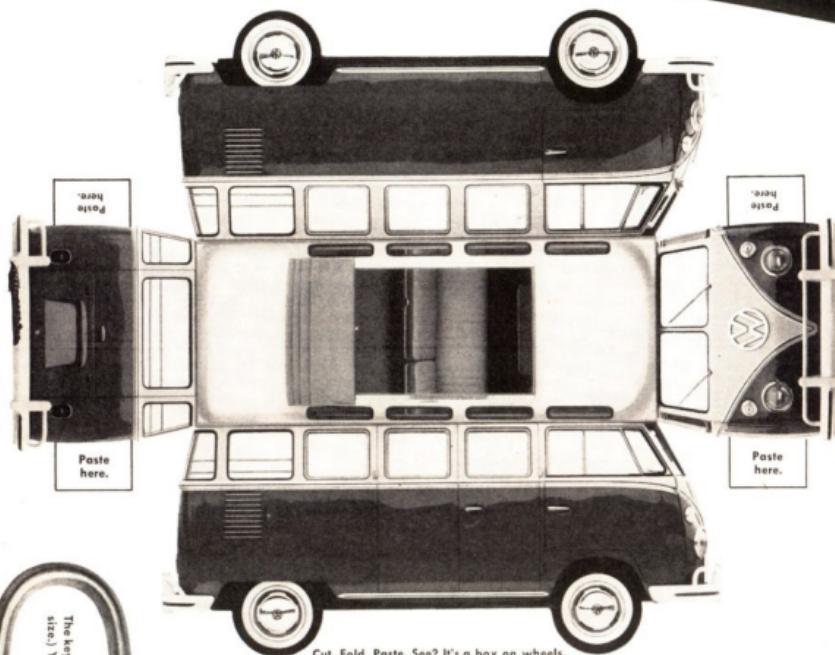
The world. (As seen through the sun-roof.)

down to meet you. Some view!

There's a huge sun-roof above you and 23 windows all around. (Why other station wagons are still in the dark about sun-roofs is a mystery.)

But what you can get into the VW Station Wagon doesn't compare to what you can get out of it.

like Cinemascope. You're in the Volkswagen Station Wagon.



You'll average something like 25 miles to the gallon, give or take a couple of miles.

Oil? You'll probably never need any between changes.

35,000 miles on a set of tires won't raise any eyebrows.

Except possibly your own.

(We know people who've gotten 60,000.)

Our wagon would turn up its nose (if it had one)

at water or anti-freeze. It never touches either one because the engine is air-cooled. No radiator, no radiator problems. (Your temper might boil over in hot weather, but not your car.)

\$2,655* buys the deluxe VWwagon. The standard version is \$2,275.* Whitewalls optional.

After you've given it a once-over, there are really only two possibilities:

Love it you may, hate it you might.

But ignore it you can't.

MODERN LIVING

THE FAMILY

The Young Mother

One out of every two first-time brides in the U.S. is still in her teens.

More and more of them are having babies before they are 20.

So reports Washington's Population Reference Bureau, in an analysis of recent marriage trends. The number of teen-age wives who had babies rose from 47% in 1950 to 53% in 1959 (the latest year for which detailed birth and marriage statistics are available), and the percentage of teen-age wives with two or more children increased during that same period by close to half—from 11% to 16%.

Commented Robert C. Cook, president of the Population Reference Bureau: "Today, more women marry in their 18th year than in any other; more have their first child in their 19th year than in any other. At this rate, the 35-year-old grandmother will soon be a commonplace. Our pattern of age at marriage and parenthood is now close to that which prevailed in the early years of the nation's history."

Drive-In Delinquency

It was around 9 in the evening, and they were sitting in Glenn Farbolin's 1955 Dodge at a Richard's Drive-In restaurant on Detroit's northwest side. Besides 18-year-old Glenn Farbolin, there were David Burman, 19, David Lazarov, 21, and Ronald Thomas, 24. Maybe they were drinking and maybe they weren't, but a whisky bottle with blood on it was later found where the car had been.

Ronald Thomas, a medical technician at Detroit's Osteopathic Clinic, produced a sub-nosed .38-caliber revolver he had stolen from a doctor's coat. "I got a crazy idea," he said, pointing it kiddingly at the others. "Let's play Russian roulette." Then the gun went off, and David Lazarov went down with a bullet in his head.

He was dead when they got him to the hospital.

It was a tragic accident, but the thing about it that most bothered Detroiters last week was the place where it happened: a drive-in. For drive-in restaurants are fast becoming the hangouts for teenagers that corner drugstores used to be—with a considerable difference. In the dark of their cars, boys and girls can do more than consume hamburgers and milkshakes, and many an adult buys liquor and brings it to a drive-in to sell at fat profits to the underaged from the back of his car.

The problem is worse in some areas than in others. A few drive-ins have had to hire their own corps of guards. But local police chiefs generally keep an eye on them as potential trouble spots. During the past year, Houston drive-ins have seen a murder, a gang brawl involving Rice University football players, and a generous share of assaults.

Drive-in delinquency is usually not the fault of the proprietors, who sometimes find the situation impossible to control. Last fall, the proprietor of Henry's Hamburgers, another drive-in on Detroit's northwest side, found that he and his private policeman could make no headway in ejecting a group of rowdy teen-agers who had been drinking in their cars. He called the police, who sent two squad cars, and in the resulting riot two of the policemen were knocked out.

Los Angeles is one large city with few records of drive-in trouble. Major reason: a 10 p.m. curfew for youngsters under 18.

because it takes longer. At the turn of the century, only the rich had autos; now only they can afford horses. Electricity has made the once lowly candle a symbol of gracious living, and fireplaces are included only in the most astronomically expensive modern apartments.

The latest discovery of the city planners is walking.

Closeness & Surprise. The automobile has so spread out stores and clogged up streets that the only solution is to cluster shops together again, the way they traditionally were, and let the shopper get out and walk. Shopping centers with "pedestrian malls" proliferate across the land. But too many urban planners seem to be still thinking of the automobile, laying out their malls with bleak, wide-open spaces that provide neither pleasure for the sauntering eye nor convenience for the foot-weary shopper.

In the current issue of the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*, M. R. Wolfe, professor of urban planning at the University of Washington, urges modern mall makers to abandon their sweeping vistas and their straight lines and do a bit of borrowing from the old cities of the world, with their twisting, narrow streets dominated by clock towers and opening into modest squares.

The streets should be kept narrow both for "a sense of closeness" and because "this emphasizes the sense of bursting into those squares, which may be actually quite small but are sensed as quite vast by the psychological contrast." Such a "walking street" is Copenhagen's *Strøget*, with its squares and churchyards, from which the authorities have begun to exclude all vehicles at certain times.

THE CITY Looking Backward

Time may make ancient good uncouth; more often it makes ancient commonplace the latest luxury. The airplane was the prestigious way to Europe 15 years ago—now the steamship has status value



CHICAGO'S HILLSIDE SHOPPING CENTER

Time can make the ancient commonplace the latest luxury.



BERN'S SPITALGASSE

TYME DESLAINE



ART SHAW

SAHARA WAITRESSES
Taste can make a place.

Pedestrian malls should contain "elements of surprise," says Wolfe. "Not only should the streets jog, meander or curve, but the architectural features must change and probably not be absolutely repetitive and consistent." This produces a "system of arrested views." Wolfe feels that no vista should be longer than 600 ft. to 700 ft., as in what he calls "one of the most exciting walkways in the world"—the route from the Piazza San Marco to the Rialto in Venice.

A Bit of Ye Olde. Water—in canals, lagoons, fountains—is "an excellent prop"; and arcades such as those flanking Pisa's Borgo Stretto and Bern's Spitalgasse or covering Istanbul's Grand Bazaar provide not only protection from both sun and rain but an interesting play of light and shadow.

Implicit in Planner Wolfe's proposals, he concedes, is the creation of "a number of mood rooms in the shopping environment, and, to put it drastically, even a little bit of 'ye olde,' or, as for example is happening on the West Coast, the indulgence in 'Japanesery.' This may even be tolerable, although derivative, eclectic, or full of gimbicks, when the alternatives are considered . . . the chrome and glass, spit and polish, modular articulated, curtain wall, mechanistic, slick finish, straight and endless directions which are springing up around us."

TRAVEL

Out of the Desert

The place was a little bit of Las Vegas, but without any gambling tables yet, and just two minutes from Chicago's O'Hare Airport. A salmagundi of Italian marble, Japanese carpet, matched rosewood. Hawaiian monkeypod wood, gold foil and tropical fish, the Sahara Inn is like a movie set for a dream sequence in a musical starring George Jessel and Zsa Zsa

Gabor. Complete with boot-shaped swimming pool, fully grown palm trees and a still uncompleted 1,400-seat auditorium, it cost \$10.8 million, and is staffed with waitresses appropriately undressed.

The room called The Sultan's Table has a mosque-like dome, a 25-foot "grape tree" (from which wafts the artificial fragrance of grapes), and ten strolling violinists. "I wanted them to play Stradivari," said Sahara's Host Manny Skar, who was once convicted of burglary, "but my insurance wouldn't cover it." Manny is aggrieved that local newspapers have been digging up his past. "It is callous and unkind to repeatedly allude to my mistakes of long ago. Some of the people whom I know may not be entirely anti-septic. But most are banking, labor, civic, industrial, philanthropic leaders and members of the press."

The grand opening last week was graced by Bobby Darin and George Kirby—with such headliners as Jack Leonard, Vic Damone, Keely Smith, the Kingston Trio, Joe E. Lewis and Ella Fitzgerald booked for future stands. Rooms run from \$12 to \$45 a night, and all guests are automatically insured for \$5,000 while registered and for eight hours after check-out. "It will be great for the three-hour layover," said one seasoned traveler.

On opening night, guests wandered around the huge pool (where during daylight hours bikini-clad "starlets" would bring the indolent customer a drink or a cold cut) under the flickering light of a huge gold torch, which belched flames. But most excitement was caused by the waitresses. Their flowing harem pantaloons caught on chairs and customers; the snap gave way, entangling legs, chairs and customers in a delicious fricassee. Cried George Jessel: "It's the most beautiful place of its kind."

TRANSPORTATION

Auto Talk

Once the gas and oil are in, most men and all women have no further interest in or knowledge of what makes the car go. When something goes wrong, all they know is that the car is making "a funny noise." At the start of a new bumper-to-bumper touring season, Auto Repairman Frank Burwell of Peoria, Ill., who recently won a nationwide contest for mechanics conducted by Chrysler, has compiled a handy glossary of auto talk for the mechanically unsophisticated.

Chirp-chirp: says Burwell, means a pain in the fan belt or the generator.

Clickety-click: it's in the valve or valve lifter.

Ping: faulty gas combustion or ignition timing.

Rumble-rumble: water pump or transmission.

Thump: suspension or tires.

Hiss: tires or windshield wiper.

Groan: transmission, bearings or suspension.

Roar: muffler or exhaust system.

After preliminary diagnosis, consult your own mechanic.

The pure corn oil in
Mazola® Margarine

**CONTAINS LESS
SATURATED FAT**

than the hydrogenated
corn oil used in other
leading margarines

Most of the corn oil in *other* margarines is hydrogenated. That's a process that increases their saturated fat . . . and destroys important corn oil benefits.

But pure liquid corn oil, the major ingredient in Mazola, is *never* hydrogenated. That's why it contains less saturated fat—gives you more *pure* corn oil nutrition.

This is another way of saying you get the *full benefit* of the polyunsaturates in the corn oil in Mazola Margarine. They're the wonderful nutritional elements you want in a corn oil margarine.



Try light, golden delicious
Mazola Margarine . . . you'll get
the *full benefit* of pure liquid corn
oil in Mazola Margarine.

MUSIC



BRADFORD SINGERS

DANIEL GARN



WARD SINGERS

RUSSELL C. HAMILTON



STARS OF FAITH



STEVE SHAPIRO

STAPLE SINGERS
Scripture is not square.

The Gospelers

Nothing in Washington's International Jazz Festival was quite so impressive as the sight and sound of an ample woman swathed in yellow chiffon walking down the aisle, borrowing hats, a mink cape and a couple of purses, while singing *Packin' Up* (for a trip to the "Great Beyond"). Singer Marion Williams was remarkable not only for her display of a gold tooth embellished with a star, but also for her voice—supple, easy-ranging and capable of lyric flights and hallelujah shouts of shattering force. Singer Marion Williams and the other members of her Stars of Faith group are riding comfortably on a trend that could change the face of U.S. pop music: the commercialization of the gospel song.

Lavender Limousines. Gospel songs are spirituals with a bounce—a mixture of Protestant hymns and the religious songs brought North by Negroes a couple of generations ago. Jazz bands picked up the beat; nightclub singers took some of the music intact and pasted on pop words. But there was no general market for genuine gospel until Mahalia Jackson made her first European tour in 1952. Now there are about 20 well-known professional groups, like the Stars of Faith, singing for pay around the country and getting paid well. Such gospelers as Clara Ward and her Ward Singers, who tour in a custom-built lavender Chrysler, are taking the Ward as far asfeld as nightclubs and the borscht circuit. Even the big record companies have begun to realize that gospel sells—chiefly, as one A. & R. man points out, because "gospel singing has the greatest concentration of exciting voices in the country."

Although Clara Ward is a veteran queen of the gospelers, some fans think that she has been surpassed by onetime Disciple Williams and the Stars of Faith. Born in Miami of a West Indian father, Songstress Williams has retained some of the rhythmic flavor of the Caribbean in her gospel songs. Those wild, vibrant rhythms, plus her instrumental style of phrasing and her phenomenal range, set her apart from every other gospeler. The classic of her repertory is *Packin' Up*, in which her voice soars and plunges with an exuberance no other gospeler can match.

Baptist Tambourines. The Ward Singers were drawing audiences of 20,000 nearly 20 years ago, and many of today's good gospelers were trained under Clara Ward. A little (5 ft. 3 in., 105 lbs.) woman with a big voice, Clara started singing in the choir of Philadelphia's Ebenezer Baptist Church when she was five, soon was singing in a trio with her mother and sister, formed her own group with several other singers in 1941. The best pianist in gospel, she also represents the best of the unadulterated Baptist-style singers who work in the old hymn-singing tradition. In Washington her singers appeared in flowing white robes with purple sashes

from shoulder to knee. They often move into the audience slapping tambourines while singing the likes of *Travelin' Shoes*.

Two other groups belong with the best: ► The Alex Bradford Singers take their name from a remarkable musician and an outstanding composer: Bradford's *Too Close to Heaven* has sold more than a million records. Alabama-born, he is a gifted choir director (now at Newark's Great Abyssinian Church), and his gospel style is notable for its sophistication—particularly in its choral effects. In churches around the country, Bradford and the group shout out their wildly exultant songs while appropriately clad in flowing robes.

► The Staple Singers stick with their family name; the group consists of Father Roebuck Staples, two daughters and a son. Their muted but intensely exciting gospel style, with its country blues feeling, is a reflection of what Roebuck heard when he was growing up in rural Mississippi. Roebuck himself is a first-rate guitarist, but his daughter Mavis is the best vocalist—a contralto whose voice has both a honeyed quality and almost hypnotic intensity. The Staples, who have been appearing together for 12 years, feel "we are fulfilling our obligation as Christians by singing the Gospel."

The Strads of Montclair

For 200 years, the stringed instruments of the orchestra have changed hardly at all—and many musicians think they should. If there were more instruments in the family, they argue, with fewer gaps in range, modern composers might be tempted to write more music for strings. Last week a plump Montclair, N.J., housewife was working hard at closing the string gap: aided by a Guggenheim grant, Carleen Maley Hutchins was devising the members of a new family of seven stringed instruments—including a vertical viola.

Beyond Belief. At 51, Mrs. Hutchins is a widely respected maker of violas and occasional cellos and violins (she makes violins "only when there isn't enough wood left to make a violin"). When the Boston Symphony's Eugene Lehner wants a viola, he goes straight to Montclair (where Mrs. Hutchins sells them for \$600 apiece); the Budapest String Quartet's Mischa Schneider has used one of her cellos. One satisfied Hutchins customer, David Mankovitz, who played with the Kroll Quartet: "Her viola creates a sensation wherever I play it. People want to know how to get that tone quality. At the Spoleto Festival, they wouldn't believe it."

Mrs. Hutchins' new instruments, some of which have already been played, are even more unbelievable: they run a wide gamut of tones—from an octave higher than the violin to the lowest tones of the present bass viol—and they do so with equal timbre and loudness each step of the way. Only an instrument maker with



View of the sea from the Tiza Mountains, Puerto Rico, lofty place to sip a Daiquiri on-the-rocks. John Stewart photograph.

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Mrs. Hutchins' combination of craftsmanship and science could have made them.

Good Carpenter. Violas started emerging from the Hutchins' living room about 15 years ago. Mrs. Hutchins, who was teaching science at the Brearley School in Manhattan, started studying the viola and discarded a store-bought model to try to make her own from blueprints. Although a Steinway violinmaker pronounced her first effort the work of "a good carpenter," she went ahead with No. 2, soon began turning out instruments that were good enough to sell. Nowadays, she tries to use the same woods Stradivarius used; she gets spruce and curly maple from the mountains of Czechoslovakia, where it has



HOUSEWIFE HUTCHINS
Melody from balls and bats.

been seasoning since World War I, and Lombardy poplar from the crates used to ship Chianti bottles from Italy. Toughest wood of all to find is the seasoned willow that Stradivarius used for blocks to strengthen the corners and ends of his violins; Mrs. Hutchins now gets it from polo balls and broken cricket bats, sent to her by friends in England.

Most of the Hutchins products are finished in the kitchen of a brown stucco house in which violins, violas and cellos are piled under tables, filed away in secretaries, and hang from curtain rods and moldings. Mrs. Hutchins tests her newly devised instruments in a basement lab full of measuring equipment that she mastered only after several years of electronics study. The biggest of her new instruments, the large bass, and the smallest, the treble, are still causing trouble. It would take a seven-foot man to play the large bass unless she can somehow alter its proportions while retaining the tone; only a midget could play the treble. "At the moment," says Mrs. Hutchins, "we're up against the human physique."

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—Billy Graham (in Chicago)

At the age of 43, Baptist Preacher Billy Graham has been conducting crusades for Christ for 13 years. According to his statistics-minded aides, he has completed 115 crusades, preached to more than 27 million people, accounted for \$75,000 "decisions for Christ." Last week Billy was busy conducting his first crusade in Chicago—and something of the old platform magic was still at work. After seven days, Billy had spoken to 220,000 people, recorded 5,521 decisions, and, as usual, he found himself overwhelmed by the response. "There is a depth to the meetings I have not felt before," he said.

The enthusiasm may have been the same, but it was not the same old Billy, for the years of crusading have taken their toll. At 185 lbs., he is 25 lbs. heavier than when he first began his preaching tours, and 5 lbs. over what he says is his best preaching weight. He has cut out desserts, limited his butter intake, exercises twice a day in his hotel room with dumbbells. "I don't seem to have the reserve strength that I used to have," he says. Weary of constant traveling, he would like to spend more time with his family—nowadays he seldom sees them more than one week out of every three—and he looks forward to

the time when he might retire to a college to study and pray.

Graham sermons are still geared closely to the Bible, but they reflect Billy's growing interest in contemporary trends of thought. He has read widely in modern theologians, has taken enough interest in psychology to quote Carl Jung in the same breath with St. Paul. "We're dealing with millions of people suffering from nervous and mental illness," he says. "I've done much reading in psychology, although I believe that the therapy Christ offered is the only adequate therapy."

To longtime friends, Graham seems as dedicated as ever, but he worries about the danger of becoming insincere in his preaching. Says he: "If I thought this were becoming just a routine and I were performing mechanically and without feeling, I'd quit." But there is so far no sign of that. His crusade schedule is filled up for the next 18 months, with tentative plans listed for 1965. "God has called me to this crusading," says Billy. "I dare not leave until He's finished with me."

The Case of Dr. Merriam

His congregation loves him. Removed from the pulpit at Manhattan's Broadway Presbyterian Church last month by vote of the New York Presbytery, the Rev. Stuart Merriam, 38, attended impromptu services in the basement of the church—and his presence drew crowds twice as large as the ones that came to hear the substitute preacher upstairs. But to most of his fellow ministers, Stuart Merriam is a grave ecclesiastical embarrassment, a preacher ill-suited to his call. Last week the Presbytery of New York—an assembly of ministers and elders that governs 62 United Presbyterian churches in the city—decided, by a vote of 70 to 11, to revoke Broadway Presbyterian's call to Merriam. The presbytery also selected a nine-man judicial commission to try Merriam on charges of "untruthfulness" and "talebearing." If it finds him guilty, the ecclesiastical court could recommend Merriam's expulsion from the church.

Three Issues. The strange case of Dr. Merriam involves a number of separate, if tangled, issues. Among them:

► **THEOLOGY.** A self-styled "evangelical" Presbyterian, Merriam was called to the Broadway church because his theological views coincided with those of his predominantly conservative congregation. In doctrine, he adheres strictly to the teachings of the Westminster Confession of Faith; his interpretations of Bible passages tend to be literal. Merriam argues that he was removed because his orthodox theology did not sit well with liberals in the presbytery who interpret Scripture and the confession more freely than he does. In answer, presbytery spokesmen say that his fellow ministers did not quarrel so much with Merriam's theology as with his "anti-intellectual" evangelism, inappropriate to a call that includes ministering to students from nearby Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary.



THE NEW YORK TIMES

MERRIAM (RIGHT) WITH BROTHER[®]
But his fellows are embarrassed.

► **PERSONALITY.** A flamboyant orator, Merriam likes the unconventional gesture. During his first worship service at Broadway Presbyterian, he introduced his German shepherd dog to the congregation from the pulpit—a gesture that delighted children in attendance, but to Merriam's enemies seemed evidence of emotional immaturity. More seriously, they accuse him of lack of judgment. The principal evidence: an incident of last August, when Merriam, on behalf of a self-exiled Iranian scholar, telephoned a State Department official, surreptitiously tape-recorded the conversation, then played the recording—which included some off-the-cuff remarks by the official about Iran's corruption—to a reporter for a local newspaper. It is specifically for this mistake that the ecclesiastical court will try him. Merriam's critics also frown upon the downstairs services and his bypassing of constitutional appeals in favor of press-agency. For example, Merriam's supporters called the presbytery's offer of a year's salary to Merriam a "bribe," even though this is standard practice when a pastor is removed from a church.

► **AUTHORITY.** Merriam's supporters argue that any presbytery must be wary of removing a preacher once he is called by his congregation, because the very nature of Presbyterianism stresses local control. His critics agree that a call from a church is rarely rescinded, but say that Merriam's clerical behavior has forced the presbytery to take drastic action.

"**You Have Judged Hostile.**" At the long afternoon meeting last week in Manhattan's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Merriam's scattered handful of supporters were given little chance to speak. A motion to withhold further action until the delegates had more time to study the report was voted down. In an



ART SHAY

GRAHAM EXERCISING
But Christ offers the best therapy.

impassioned speech that brought tears to the eyes of women parishioners sitting in the gallery. Merriam accused the presbytery of taking unjust and ill-considered action against him. "Fathers and brethren," he cried, "you have judged us hastily, and you have judged us wrongly." The presbytery was unimpressed; the vote for rescinding the call got a larger majority than last month's ballot to remove Merriam from the pulpit.

Still buoyant and confident of ultimate vindication, Merriam plans to appeal the presbytery's action to the synod of New York State, and, if necessary, to the church's General Assembly as well. His chances of success are small. Thanks to Merriam's outspoken behavior since the ouster, more ministers than ever are convinced that he was the wrong man to handle so sensitive a call as the Broadway church; and they believe that under Presbyterian law they were fully justified in removing him. "Our presbytery," says Dr. Henry Barracough, a retired Associate Stated Clerk and an expert on Presbyterian law, "is the most powerful bishop on earth."

Defending the Baptist Faith

The literal truth of the Bible is the bedrock of faith for Southern Baptists. But lately, in some Baptist seminaries, scholars have been cautiously moving toward the Biblical criticism accepted by most other Protestant denominations, which suggests that parts of Holy Scripture are symbolically valid but literally impossible. Last week in San Francisco, "messengers" (delegates) to the annual convention of the fast-growing church (around 10 million) firmly repudiated the seminarians. By overwhelming standing vote, the convention passed one resolution that reaffirmed the faith of the church in "the *entire* [the resolution's italics] Bible as the authoritative, authentic, infallible word of God," another that ordered trustees and officials of the six Baptist seminaries to waste no time in stamping out "theological views which would undermine faith in the historical accuracy and doctrinal integrity of the Bible."

Most notable case in point was Dr. Ralph Elliott, a professor at the Midwestern Baptist Seminary in Kansas City. Last summer the Baptist-run Broadman Press published Elliott's *The Message of Genesis*, an exegetic study of some of the more cautious judgments of other Protestant Biblical scholarship; for example, that the Flood covered only a few miles of the Middle East rather than the entire world, and that Adam might well be a symbolic term for all mankind rather than a specific human being. "This sort of rationalistic criticism," rumbled Houston Pastor K. Owen White, "can lead only to further confusion, unbelief, deterioration and ultimate disintegration of a great New Testament denomination." But not every Baptist preacher was happy about the resolutions. Dr. Wallace Bassett of Dallas warned that they would make Southern Baptist churches "the laughingstock of the Christian world."

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Bateador of the Giants

The game is *beisbol*. The *lanzador* stands on the *lomita* and throws the *pelota* to the *bateador*, who tries to hit it over the heads of the *jardineros* with a mighty swing of his *palo*. If he hits it over the fence, he gets a *cuadrangular*, and the home-town *fanducos* go wild with joy. Even as it is played in the U.S., baseball has a decidedly Latin flavor, with scores of ballplayers from south of the border scattered around the big leagues. And nowhere is the Latin influence more noticeable than in San Francisco—where a flashy band of *lanzadores*, *jardineros* and *bateadores* is keeping the Giants near the top of the National League.

Like all other Giants, the Latins play in the shadow of Willie Mays, 31, still the superstar and the delight of the fans with his freewheeling base running, back-to-the-ball basket catches and powerful bat. Hitting .300 last week, Willie already had 19 home runs to lead both leagues. But in past seasons not even Mays could bring the Giants a pennant. This year the Latins hope to provide the much needed strength in depth.

No Natural. Batting directly behind Mays, in the No. 4 cleanup spot, is the most powerful *bateador*, Orlando Cepeda, 24, whose booming *palo* has been tormenting National League pitchers since the start of the season. First Baseman Cepeda is batting .330, leads the National League in hits (with 77), ranks second in home runs (with 15) and runs batted in (with 55). The other Latins are almost as impressive. In his second year up, Puerto Rico's José Pagán ranks among the league's sharpest shortstops. Pitcher Juan Marichal, from the Dominican Republic, already has eight victories to his credit. His fellow countryman, Outfielder Felipe

Alou, is hitting .343—second-best in the league—has batted in 42 runs. On the bench, ready for duty, are Alou's younger brother Matty (hitting .262) and another Dominican, Manny Mota.

Most of the Latins have the easy grace of natural ballplayers. Not Cepeda. A childhood sickness left him with a malformed right leg that later required surgery. He still limps when he walks, and his feet are pancake-flat. Back home in Puerto Rico no one thought he would be a ballplayer at all. The Santurce Crabbers kept him sitting on the bench. "That kid was bowlegged and knock-kneed and had one leg shorter than the other," explains Santurce Owner Pete Zorrilla. "A nice kid, yes. Full of laughs and fun, sure. But a ballplayer? No." What Cepeda did have was size and a pretty fair batting eye. In 1955, the Giants decided to risk \$500 by signing the hulking 17-year-old to a contract, though he had never played an inning of pro ball.

A Year or Two Away. Assigned to the Class D Salem, Va., Rebels, Cepeda committed 16 errors in 26 games, once struck out eight times in a row. But he finally got the range, and the Giants called him up. Manager Bill Rigney asked First Baseman Whitey Lockman to look him over. Reported Lockman: "That kid is still a year or two away." Asked Rigney: "From what?" Answered Lockman: "From the Hall of Fame."

Cepeda and big league baseball arrived in "Safaseeko" on the same day—April 15, 1958. He celebrated his first season by hitting .312 and winning Rookie of the Year honors. Now an established star, Cepeda earns \$47,000 a year and stands second only to Mays in popularity with the San Francisco fans. His one real fault—though the fans might not call it that—is

SPORT

is his monumental temper. He was once fined \$100 for chasing Pirate Manager Danny Murtaugh with a double-weight practice bat—only a flying tackle by Mayo kept him from using it. But the outbursts are becoming less frequent. "We play too many games," says Cepeda. "If I get mad I will get ulcers."

Through the Streets

In a sport that is obsessed with speed and dogged by death, the Grand Prix de Monaco is a cheerful interlude. Only once, in 1952, was a driver killed in the race, and even the most daring racers—piloting cars capable of 180 m.p.h.—can average only about 70 m.p.h. around the twisty, 1.05-mi. Monte Carlo circuit.

Over the Wall. But if it is relatively safe, Monaco is one of the world's most exciting auto races. The course plunges wildly through the 368-acre Mediterranean principality itself, swooping up the narrow streets from the harbor, past the Hotel de Paris and Cartier's, and zig-zagging down again from the Casino gardens through a tunnel to the waterfront.

For three hours, cars race nose to tail, their drivers compelled to shift gears on an average of once every 10 sec. The racket of screaming engines echoes deafeningly off cliffs and building walls. The accidents are spectacular. One year a driver ended up with his radiator embedded in the ticket office of Monte Carlo's railroad station, and in 1955 Italy's great Alberto Ascari drove his Lancia over the sea wall into the Mediterranean.

Last week more than 50,000 racing fans, including Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, were on hand to see the fun in the 20th Monaco Grand Prix. Everybody got his money's worth. No sooner had the 16 cars roared away from the start than



MCLAREN (14) AT "GAS WORKS" HAIRPIN
Past Cartier's and into the tunnel.

GEORGE PHILLIPS—AUTOSPORT

there was a grand pile-up. Barreling into the first 180° "Gas Works" hairpin, the U.S.'s Richie Ginther found the accelerator of his British-built B.R.M. stuck tightly to the floor. Helpless, Ginther plowed into the Lotus of France's Maurice Trintignant, slamming it sideways, directly into the path of three other cars. Three cars were knocked out of the race, and their drivers joined the spectators. Slipping past a spinning Ferrari, Britain's mustached Graham Hill, in a dark green B.R.M., forged boldly into the lead.

"Faster!" For 95 of the 100 laps, Hill seemed unbeatable. His B.R.M. was clearly the fastest car in the race, and he held a lead of nearly a minute over his closest pursuers: New Zealand's Bruce McLaren, in a Cooper-Climax, and California's Phil Hill, the 1961 world champion, driving a rear-engined, blood-red Ferrari. But it was not Graham Hill's day. His engine suddenly dropped a load of oil and conked out—McLaren spurred ahead. The Ferrari mechanics flashed "Faster!" at Phil Hill, and Phil desperately pushed his accelerator to the floor. Turning his Ferrari furiously around the tight turns, he began to cut into McLaren's 15-second lead. By the 97th lap, McLaren led Hill by only eight seconds, and the crowd was screaming as both racers flashed through the last, short, straight at 120 m.p.h.

At the finish, McLaren was still ahead—by 1.3 seconds. "Another lap and I could have won," grumbled Phil Hill. But all was not lost: for finishing second, he picked up six points[®] and tied Graham Hill for the lead in the race for the 1962 driver's championship.

Love Those Mets

They lost their first nine games, and went on to even bigger things. Now they were deep in the cellar, 23½ games off the pace, and they had just run up a 17-game losing streak—the worst record of any team in New York history. But after a hiatus of four years, National League baseball was back in the big city, and the fumbling, bumbling New York Mets were the sensation of the 1962 season. For whatever perverse reasons, the fans were wild about them.

At home on Coogan's Bluff, the Mets even outdrew the pin-striped New York Yankees. In one hectic week, nearly 200,000 screaming, clapping, foot-stomping fans swarmed into the Polo Grounds to watch them lose three games to the Los Angeles Dodgers and another four to the San Francisco Giants. Banners fluttered in the bleachers—WE LOVE OUR METS: RUN SHEEP RUN—and the din was deafening. "In Milwaukee," marveled one visiting player, "they used to cheer line-drive fouls. But this is the first time I ever heard them cheer balls and strikes." The Mets' board of directors bought ads in the New York papers. "Never in sports

* Drivers get nine points for finishing first, six for second, four for third, three for fourth, and so on down to sixth place. If there are ten Grand Prix races in 1962 (as tentatively scheduled), only a driver's six best finishes will count toward the world championship.

history," they read, "has there been such a heart-warming demonstration of loyalty and affection." TV Announcer Lindsey Nelson politely thanked the fans for showing up—and promised that the team would try to do better.

The Mets were easy to love. Their names stirred fond memories—Manager Casey Stengel, for twelve years the double-talking grand panjandrum of the Yankees, ex-Dodger Gil Hodges, still a hero in Flatbush, Pitcher Roger Craig, another well-remembered ex-resident of Ebbets Field. And they sure did try: in six of their 14 lonely victories, they came from behind to win; in 21 of their 37 defeats, they managed to get the tying run to bat in the last inning. Even in defeat, they had humor. "That feller can hit it to the centerfield wall," said Casey of one Met regular, "if only they don't curve it first." In one game, the Mets left eleven runners stranded, failed to score with the bases loaded and nobody out. Moaned Casey: "You pick up the bases and bats and balls when you finish a game, but home plate is supposed to just sit there all day. My players still can't find it."

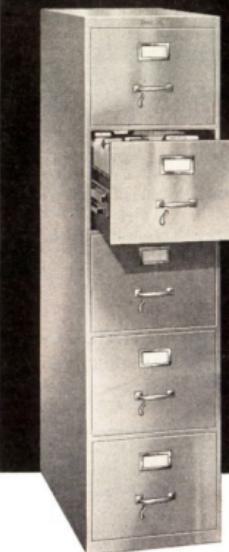
For a while, the Mets kept one record intact: after 46 games, they were the only team in the National League that had never been shut out. Last week, that went, too, when they lost, 2-0, to the Philadelphia Phillies—the club that had set a modern National League record for frustration last year by losing 23 straight games. For Stengel, it was the last straw. "Somethin' hasn't been solved around here real quick," said Casey, and he put every man on the Mets roster on the trading block—even slugging Outfielder Frank Thomas, who was enjoying the best season of his big-league career (.307 batting average, 13 homers). Yet by week's end, even though the Mets cut short their losing streak by edging out 4-to-3 their cellar-dwelling Chicago Cubs, Stengel had found no market—no one wanted his Mets except the fans. "When we call the other clubs," he sighed, "they don't even answer the phone."

Scoreboard

► It was the worst accident in the 183-year history of Britain's Epsom Derby. As the tightly bunched 26-horse field pounded into Tattenham Corner, Longshot (33-1) Romulus clipped the heels of the French-owned colt Crossen. Off flew French Jockey Maurice Larraun, down went Romulus—and in seconds the track was covered with seven prostrate jockeys and riderless horses. One horse broke a leg, six jockeys were injured—four seriously—and the casualties included the 9-2 favorite, Hetherstett. The eventual winner: Larkspur, a 22-1 choice owned by the U.S.'s Raymond Guest. Said Guest: "I feel quite sick."

► Two weeks after New York's Al Oerter became the first man to fling a discus over 200 ft. (his mark: 200 ft. 5½ in.), Russia's Vladimir Trusev smashed Oerter's record with a heave of 202 ft. 2½ in. during a track meet in Leningrad. Signed Oerter: "You just can't throw them far enough these days."

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How many years before Father's Day were fathers enjoying Gordon's?

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Born. To Prince Albert of Liège, 28, heir to the Belgian throne; and Princess Paola, 24; their second child, first daughter; in Brussels. Name (after Prince Albert's mother, the late Queen Astrid); Astrid Joséphine Charlotte Fabrizia Elisabeth Paola Marie.

Married. Nancy Kwan, 23, Hong Kong-born heroine of Hollywood's *The World of Suzie Wong*; and Austrian Hotelkeeper Peter Pock, 22; in London.

Died. Yves Klein, 34, farthest out of Paris painters, a Dutch figurative artist's son who became a high-priced Parisian lad for his solid color (International Klein Blue) canvases, progressed to employing paint-splattered nudes as "living brushes"; of a heart attack; in Paris.

Died. Ernst Buchner, 70, longtime director of the Bavarian State Painting Collections who, in anticipation of World War II, removed one of the world's finest art collections from Munich's Alte Pinakothek, safely hid the more than 1,000 masterpieces in salt mines, and after the war campaigned to rebuild the bombed-out gallery where in 1957 the collection again went on view; of a heart attack; in Munich.

Died. Gottlieb Duttweiler, 73, Swiss merchant titan who built the \$250 million-a-year Migros cooperative food chain (also taxi fleets, sewing machines, Migrol gas and oil) by showing the Swiss how to fight price wars, then gave his supermarketing venture to his customers as their gain; of a heart attack; in Zurich.

Died. Harold Higgins Swift, 77, former board chairman of Swift & Co., world's largest meat-packing house, the last of Founder Gustavus Swift's seven sons, a bachelor who was the University of Chicago's most generous alumnus; of a heart attack; in Chicago.

Died. Charles Louis ("Clem") McCarthy, 79, the U.S.'s best-known horse-race announcer, an Irish horse auctioneer's son who, though thwarted at becoming a jockey, made the nation thrill to the turf's most exciting moments by the gravel tremor of his voice, particularly his annual (1928-50) calling of the Kentucky Derby; of a stroke; in Manhattan. Only once did Clem err, swapping first- and second-place finishers in the 1947 Preakness because they wore look-alike silks. Not the man to flinch, he rasped: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have made a horrible mistake, Babe Ruth struck out. Today I did the same."

Died. William Ernest Castle, 94, U.S. geneticist, longtime professor of zoology at Harvard, who in the 1900s extended from plants to mammals the Mendelian theory of inherited characteristics through inbuilt factors (then unknown as genes); in Berkeley, Calif.

Where are you going this summer?

Historic New England?



The balmy Southeast?



The storied Southwest?



Canyon Country?



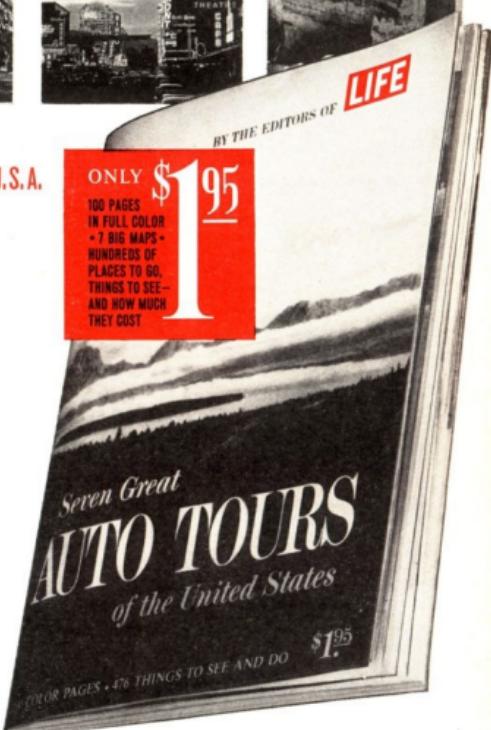
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LIFE's beautiful Auto Tours booklet contains *all* the tour articles that have appeared in this magazine to date, including last week's, on the Great Lakes. (Take a look at it, if you still have it at home.) 100 pages are in color, by 7 of LIFE's greatest photographers—gorgeous pictures of the scenes you'll soon see in person! Complete picture maps, with clear identification of points of interest, numbered auto routes. It will keep you from missing many memorable places off the beaten track. More than 475 major places identified and described. And you'll see in all their glorious color the places you plan to visit, before you go!

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"All the assets a man can muster..."

Wausau Story

What does it take to get a disabled man "back on his feet"?



by DR. WILLIAM D. DE GRAVELLES, JR.
Medical Director,
Younker Memorial Rehabilitation Center,
Iowa Methodist Hospital, Des Moines



"Figuratively speaking, rehabilitation means getting a disabled man 'back on his feet' in as many ways as possible. It means therapy and training to make effective use of what muscle power is left. But far more is needed . . . more than therapy for the disability alone . . . more aid than is supplied by leg braces, crutches, canes or wheel chairs.

"First, a goal is needed. It can be high, but it must be reasonable. To be able to get around without having someone to help you, to handle the myriad activities of daily living independent of others, and to work and earn a livelihood—all this is not only satisfying, it is healthy.

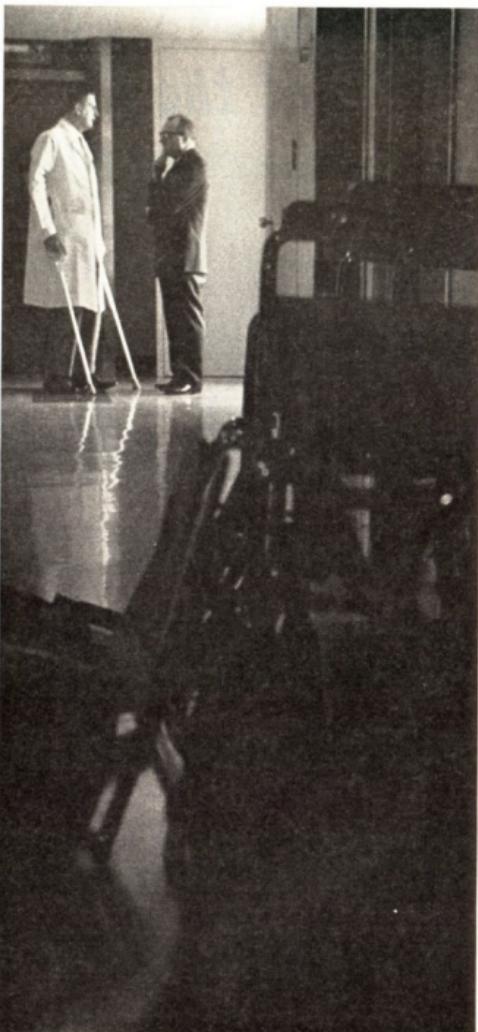
"To achieve and hold a goal, however high, the disabled man must muster up all his assets: physical, mental, social and spiritual. And he's fortunate if his assets include family and friends who back him . . . with devoted and understanding teamwork."

Mr. Donald W. Cordes, Administrator at Iowa Methodist Hospital, says: "It is a great humanitarian service to aid the disabled through total rehabili-

Training helps the disabled meet situations. Employers Mutuals maintained a pilot rehabilitation center in Wausau for 33 years. Now top-ranking, privately-operated Centers closer to patients' homes are chosen.



Dr. deGravelles drives his own car with hand-operated controls. A car body, named "Jensen's Jalopy," was obtained for the Center by Harold Jensen, Employers Mutuals Claim Manager in Des Moines, and set up so patients can practice getting in and out of an automobile.



tation, readying them for useful lives and useful occupations. Employers Mutuals of Wausau is outstanding in the support of this effort. Their people help add meaning and purpose to therapy and training of the physically handicapped and dignity and encouragement to the disabled man's own determination."

* * * * *

A natural extension of Employers Mutuals' rehabilitation philosophy is encouraging industry to hire handicapped workers. President Kennedy's Committee on Employment of the Handicapped recognized this effort with its Distinguished Service Award for 1961.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau writes all forms of business insurance. We are one of the largest and most experienced underwriters in the field of workmen's compensation. Offices in 138 cities. Consult your telephone directory.



Employers Mutuals people are part of the disabled man's team. Mr. Cordes says, "Harold Jensen's work is more than a man doing his job. For his company's patients he is also errand-runner, confidant, all-around helper, leader of the cheering section."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

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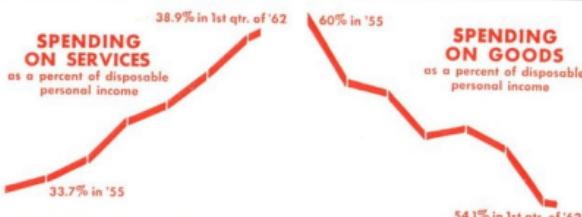
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U.S. BUSINESS



STATE OF BUSINESS

Records that Deceive

As he discussed the state of the U.S. economy at his press conference last week, President Kennedy had the air of a man who hopes for the best—but expects something less. On one hand, he insisted that the recovery "has been a good one," and, to bolster his point, cited a list of economic indicators at record levels. Then, in a tacit admission that he was just as disappointed in the economy's lack of zip as most businessmen, the President proceeded to promise that he would ask Congress for "an across-the-board reduction in personal and corporate income tax," effective Jan. 1, 1963.

The President's promise was part of a hastily mounted Administration drive to avert a further slide on Wall Street and to restore business confidence. Earlier in the week, Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, in a speech to New York financial writers, implied blandly that the Administration had been planning to cut taxes all along. In fact, until Wall Street's Blue Monday, Kennedy and Dillon had conceived of the tax-reform plan—which they hope to push through Congress next year—primarily as a measure to close loopholes and eliminate inequities.

The Administration's change of heart came so suddenly that no one yet knows how much the cuts will be. Within the Treasury Department there was talk that the corporate tax rate might be chopped from 52% to 50% or less, that the rate on the first \$1,000 of taxable personal income might be cut from 20% to 15%, and the present 91% rate paid by top-bracket taxpayers might be sliced as low as 65%. So vague were the Administration's plans, however, that estimates of the total savings to taxpayers ranged from \$2 billion to \$8 billion. It will be the first cut in U.S. income taxes since 1954.

Capital Letdown. The reasons for the President's concern could be seen in last week's economic straws in the wind. The gross national product, which the Administration had earlier predicted would hit \$570 billion this year, now seems unlikely to rise higher than \$555 billion to \$560 billion. Business inventories—a big factor in determining G.N.P.—should be rising at this time of year; instead, the April inventory figures, in terms of sales expectations, showed a slight decline. New

factory orders for durable goods have declined for the third month in a row.

Industry's capital spending plans are the economy's biggest disappointment. The Government's latest survey shows that businessmen have not changed their intentions since February, still plan to spend \$37.2 billion on new plant and equipment this year. This would be 8% more than they spent last year, but the Administration has been hoping that the increase would amount to 15%.

As consolation, optimists last week noted that even at \$37.2 billion, this year's capital spending will top 1957's \$37 billion and set a new record. But new records are deceptive: they can be set even in areas of business that are not keeping pace with the growth of the economy and of the population. In 1957, capital spending was 8.4% of G.N.P.; this "record" year it will amount at best to only 6.7% of G.N.P.

The Service Dollar. The same sad qualification holds for many of the other records the economy is setting this year—most notably in retail sales. Retail sales in April reached an alltime monthly high of \$19.6 billion, and that figure was probably bettered in May, when auto sales hit their highest level (656,837 cars) since September 1955. Yet in 1955, retail sales sopped up about 60% of the total after-tax income of U.S. consumers; this year they are taking only about 54%.

The average American is still spending just as much of his income (63%), but since 1955 the percentage of it that he spends on services, rather than retail goods, has jumped from under 34% to nearly 39%. This troubles some economists, who suspect that a dollar paid out to a hairdresser or a TV repairman does not have as great a "multiplier effect" on the economy as does one spent in a retail store. The retail dollar, they reason, sets up an immediate chain reaction that runs from the store to the manufacturer of the item to the basic raw-material supplier. By contrast, a service dollar must wait until the hairdresser or the repairman spends it before it goes to work.

Too Much Stability? Despite the dubious quality of this year's economic "records," the U.S. economy is still far from stagnant. But some economists fear that the drive to level off the peaks of boom and the valleys of recession—a drive

started under Eisenhower and continued by Kennedy—has been overly successful, and that the U.S. has sacrificed too much growth for stability. (During the 1960 campaign, Kennedy used to argue that way.) One way to stir faster expansion is to encourage increased corporate spending by means of a tax cut. But pessimists hold that if the President waits until next January to apply his cuts, they may come too late to beget a boom, and be useful only to soften the effects of a recession.

WALL STREET

Stocks v. Bonds

To the relief of practically everyone, the stock market settled down to something resembling normality last week—that is, after another Monday break opening in which the Dow-Jones industrial index tumbled 17.37 points to 953.68. Thereafter, encouraged by Administration proclamations of impending tax relief, the market slowly recovered to close the week at 961.61—less than 10 points off the previous week's close. By week's end, the trading on the Big Board slowed to a leisurely 2,500,000 shares a day, and brokers and clerks caught up on their rest and their reading.

The Bargain Hunters. With a lot of money waiting on the sidelines until the market's direction became clearer, most of last week's activity was the work



MAULIN—ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

of bargain hunters. For them, brokerage houses churned out new lists of stocks that offer reasonable income and low price-earnings ratios. One such list, circulated by Manhattan's Schweickart & Co., ticked off half a dozen blue chips—including Allied Stores, General Motors, Jones & Laughlin and Royal Dutch Petroleum—with price-earnings ratios of less than 12 to 1 and dividend yields of 4% or more. For many stocks, yields were on the rise—and not only because stock

prices had fallen so much. Last month 89 U.S. companies increased their dividends; in May of last year, only 50 did.

The new emphasis on yields drew fresh attention to the stock market's sedate sister, the bond market. Traditionally, stocks and bonds move in opposite directions. When stock prices fall, a substantial quantity of investment money generally switches out of speculative stocks and into fixed-income bonds. But this switch also sets the stage for a movement back into stocks for two reasons: 1) bond interest yields fall as demand for bonds rises, and 2) stock yields rise as the prices of stocks decline.

No Crossing. That movement is going on now. The average dividend yield on the 50 stocks in the Dow-Jones industrial average has risen from 3.19% in early January to 3.87%. During the same period, the average yield on ten top-grade bonds in the *Barron's* index slipped from 4.41% to 4.19% because demand increased as some of the big institutional investors switched out of stocks and into bonds. If this narrowing between yields continues, stocks should become more appealing to investors.

Many market professionals expect that the gap will narrow a bit more, but few anticipate that stocks will yield more

than bonds in the foreseeable future. The often-expressed notion that stocks should pay more income than bonds because they are riskier is scouted by New York University Economist Jules Bogen. Says he: "Stock yields should average lower than bond yields in the long run because only stocks offer the benefits of growth. The lines of stock and bond yields will cross only if the outlook for the economy becomes a lot darker than it is now and investors become afraid of assuming risks."

OIL

Slanted Larceny

No oil strike in the gaudy history of Texas has inspired more plundering than the 43-mile East Texas field first tapped in 1930 and still credited with more reserves (3 billion bbl.) than any other in the nation. It was to stop East Texans from pumping oil out of their wells faster than U.S. consumers could use it that Congress in 1935 passed the Connally Hot Oil Act.[®] Last week, state investigators—with 30 Texas Rangers on hand to protect them from reprisals—were turning up case after case of outright

• Which prohibits interstate shipment of oil pumped in excess of state production quotas.

PERSONAL FILE



STEEN



RUBY



POST

• Ten years ago, when he struck the MiVida uranium deposit on the Colorado Plateau, slim, haggard Geologist **Charles A. Steen** was so broke he couldn't afford to buy milk for his children. Last week Steen agreed to sell MiVida and its mill to New York's Atlas Corp. for \$12.8 million. Steen sold for capital gains "because it was the only way I could keep anything." Steen now operates two big Nevada cattle ranches, has branched out into other kinds of mining (lead, zinc, silver, gold and mercury), recently bought a New Mexico marble quarry, and is erecting an office building in Reno. Says the 42-year-old ex-prospector: "I don't intend to sit around and collect dividends."

• After eleven years of one-man rule by irascible Clarence (Clancy) Sayen, the 14,000-member Air Line Pilots Association chose a new president: mild-mannered **Charles Homer Ruby**, 52. Backed by retiring President Sayen as a way of freezing out his arch-ponent, ALPA First Vice President John Carroll, Ruby is a sometime mechanic who has logged 20,000 flying hours in everything from chugging J-1s to jet-powered DC-8s, ranks No. 2 on National Airlines' seniority list. He inherits a Sayen-created impasse. The convention that elected Ruby also voted to continue the two-year-old strike against Southern Airways that has already cost ALPA some \$2 million.

• Though he has little in common with the stereotype Texas millionaire, **Troy Victor Post**, 56, a reserved and bespectacled Dallas financier, can swap success stories with any wheeler-dealer. Raised in a farm shanty, Post was an insurance agent at 20, and at 27, with \$138 in cash, formed his own insurance company. Within eleven years he had \$40 million worth of life policies in force and began extending his interests to banks, electronics—and other insurance companies. Currently, he is planning his most ambitious venture yet: creation of the Greatamerica Corp., which, with more than \$1 billion in assets, will rank as the nation's largest insurance-management company. To begin with, Greatamerica will manage three Post-controlled companies—American Life, Gulf Life, and Franklin Life—but before he is through, Post hopes to add as many as ten more companies to its stable.

piracy in the East Texas field. It was done with slanted wells, which enable greedy independent oil operators to suck the oil out of their neighbors' pools.

The tip-off came when a Shell Oil drill crew found rotary mud gushing from one of its wells. Rotary mud is forced down new holes to cool drill tips, and the Shell crew concluded that another drill had pierced its well shaft. A search quickly turned up the pirate rig—3,000 ft. away over the piny hills. At Shell's complaint, the Texas Railroad Commission, which regulates oil production in the state, ordered a crew of engineers into the field. Surveying 15 wells chosen at random, the engineers found 13 asлан by 40° to 56°—enough to carry them comfortably into nearby producing pools owned by major operators. "You can draw your own conclusions," barked Commission Chairman William J. Murray, as he ordered the survey broadened to cover the wells of 60 East Texas operators.

The Enthusiasts. Before the investigation is over, Murray's engineers are likely to need all the protection that the Rangers can give them. Investors have innocently put up to \$60,000 into wells that may turn out to be slanted. If the wells do prove to be slanted, they will be capped by the commission and the investors will lose their stake. Evidence is also beginning to turn up of bribes to surveyors and to commission employees to ignore slanting.

About the only East Texans enthusiastic for the investigation are the major operators, who under a quota system are allowed to pump only 20 bbl. per well daily—and that only eight days a month. Smaller operators, by hooking several dummy wellheads to each slanted pirate well, have been able to keep production at each wellhead under 20 bbl. a day, and therefore to qualify for the marginal operator's allowance of 30 pumping days a month. If illegal operators could be prevented from putting all this extra oil on the market, the commission might well be able to grant big operators a ninth day's pumping.

Big Brag. Last week Texas Attorney General Will Wilson filed the state's first suit against one alleged pirate. At the same time, three big operators—Humble, Continental and Pan American Petroleum—entered suits totaling \$1,700,000 against eight independents who, the companies charged, had stolen their oil. The Railroad Commission predicted that it might eventually find as many as 300 slanted wells pumping out \$30 million worth of purloined oil a year. Said Attorney General Wilson: "This will turn out to be one of the biggest thefts in Texas history." In the land of Billie Sol Estes, that was quite a brag.

LABOR

The Third Party

In three U.S. industries last week the Government and the courts were an omnipresent third party in the process of "free collective bargaining." Items:

► In a third-floor room in Chicago's Un-

ion Station, representatives of the nation's major railroads and their 500,000 non-operating employees (clerks, telegraphers, etc.) nailed down final agreement on a 12¢-an-hour boost in wages and fringes—the package recommended by a presidential emergency board. Railroad negotiators argued bitterly against the 4.86% increase, pointing out that it was far larger than the 2½% wage raise that the Kennedy Administration has declared the proper non-inflationary medicine for most industries. But the railroads had little choice; their strike insurance policies do not pay off if they disregard the findings of an emergency board. Besides, reported one railroad representative, Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg "advised us that we had no alternative but to accept."

► For the seventh time in a year, the Flight Engineers' International Association threatened to strike three major airlines: Trans World, Pan American and Eastern. The engineers' quarrel was not basically with the companies at all. They were fighting for the survival of their union in defiance of a National Mediation Board's ruling that would oblige the engineer in every jet crew to be a trained pilot, and would in time sweep the engineers into the powerful Air Line Pilots Association. FAA Administrator Najeeb Halaby has warned the engineers that if they strike, he intends to keep the big jets flying—even if he has to seek congressional action to do so.

► Reviving one of the oldest and most violent disputes in U.S. labor history, the Supreme Court upheld a National Labor Relations Board's ruling that Wisconsin's Kohler Co. was guilty of unfair labor practices during the six-year strike that the U.A.W. launched against Kohler in 1954. On the face of it, the decision obliges the Sheboygan plumbing fixtures

firm, which has been operating with strikebreakers since the dispute was two months old, to reopen negotiations with the U.A.W. and to rehire virtually all of the 2,800 original strikers. Actually Kohler has already offered reinstatement to the strikers, and only 500 accepted.

PAPER

The Uses of Adversity

Of all the paper profits that were made on Wall Street until Blue Monday, few in recent years have come from the once prosperous paper industry itself. Cursed by too much plant capacity since the mid-50s, U.S. paper companies have undercut one another's prices in an effort to keep their big machines rolling full speed. The result: between 1956 (when the nation's paper mills operated at 92% of capacity) and 1961 (when they were down to 85% of capacity), the industry's profits fell from \$680 million to \$580 million.

Last week, with production running 9% ahead of last year, all signs were that paper's long downhill slide had finally ended. West Virginia Pulp & Paper Co. reported that its net for the three months ending April 30 was up 40% to \$2,200,000. Union Bag-Camp Paper Corp. increased its first-quarter earnings 21% to \$4,900,000, and most other major paper companies also showed solid gains. Said President William R. Kellett of Kimberly-Clark Corp. (Kleenex, Delsey): "The industry isn't out of the woods yet, but we're beginning to see light ahead."

Earned Fruits. Paper's brighter outlook stems largely from growing demand. This year the industry expects to produce 37.5 million tons of paper and paperboard, and to operate at about 87% of capacity. But papermakers have also earned their improved prospects by the rethinking and revising that they did during the lean years.

Those years produced a great many mergers and acquisitions which papermen like to describe as "vertical integration." Where the industry was once cluttered with small companies making bags and boxes from paper that they bought from big mills, it is now dominated by a handful of large companies whose operations begin in the forests and end with the final box. The greater capital of the big companies has allowed them to put more money into the development of new uses for paper.

Reluctant Research. New-product research was long neglected by the papermakers, largely because of what Chairman Thomas McCabe of Scott Paper Co. terms "complacency generated by the belief that paper was irreplaceable." Even now, though the bigger paper companies have quadrupled their spending on research in the last decade, the industry's R. & D. outlay is only 0.5% of sales, vs. 3% for U.S. business as a whole.

This modest beginning in research, however, has already produced remarkable returns. Papermakers have invented everything from noiseless popcorn bags to paper



SURGERY WITH PAPER SHEETS
Getting stronger.

tents, are currently working with textile manufacturers to develop paper suitable for disposable surgical gowns, bed sheets and men's shirts. Paper coated with plastic or aluminum is much used in food packaging. Other new products:

► Container Corp. of America is producing paper cans designed to take away part of the lucrative frozen fruit juice market from tin cans.

► In cooperation with Cluett Peabody (Arrow shirts), West Virginia Pulp & Paper has developed a superstrong Sanforized bag material called Clupak that is scoring big gains in packaging of chemicals and cement.

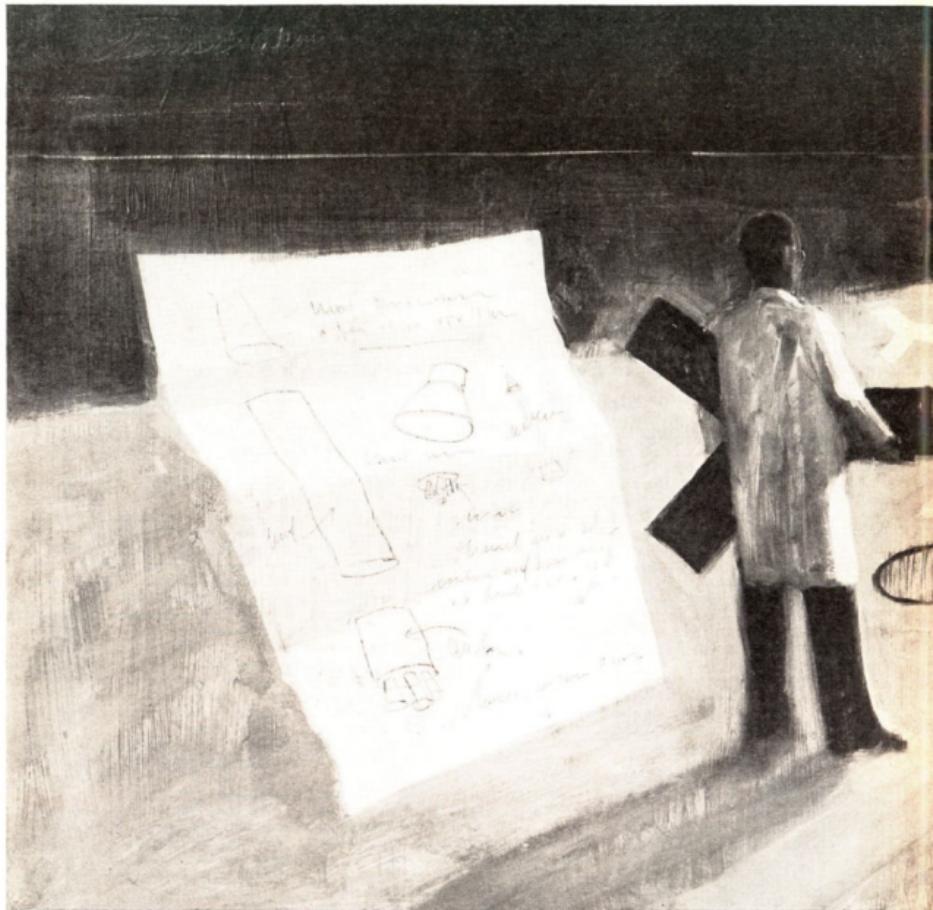
► Union Bag is marketing honeycombs of paper impregnated with resin that form a rigid core for a new type of prefabricated house wall.

The Free Traders. Still another potential profit area lies in silvichemicals, i.e., chemicals derived from wood. One big hope: turning lignin—the noncellulose element that constitutes 25% of a tree—into derivatives ranging from ersatz foam rubber to a substitute for carbon black in tires. Says West Virginia's research-minded Chairman David Luke: "The paper industry today generates some \$12 billion in sales a year. If we took advantage of wood chemicals, we could double that—and the materials would be free."

Because it forced them to seek new markets, the slump from which they are now emerging has also turned U.S. papermakers into ardent free traders. Boasts William R. Adams, president of St. Regis Paper Co.: "We're one of the few major American industries that can compete with any area of the world—sometimes even at a tariff disadvantage." Last year the industry exported a record 1,200,000 tons of paper and paperboard. This is not quite 4% of production, but for papermakers it can mean the difference between skimpy profits and good ones.



KOHLER PICKET LINE (1954)
Still rankling.



The Practical Men

An idea is born.

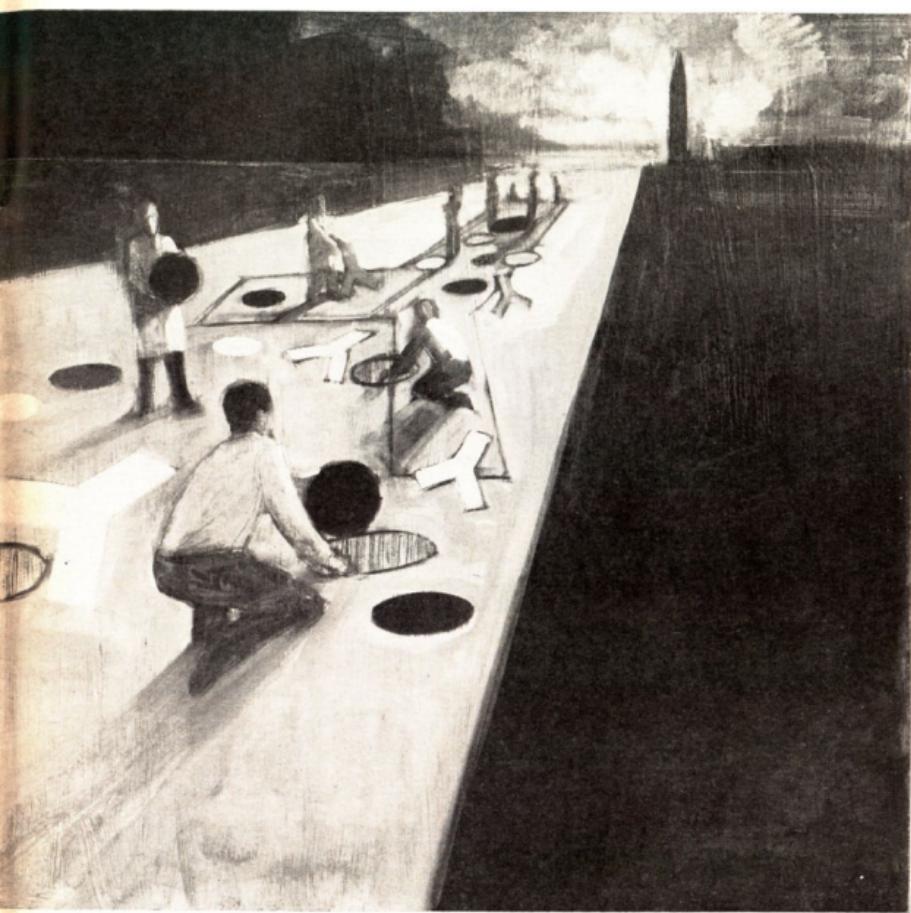
It could lead to a great scientific accomplishment. It could even create a new technology. But first it must achieve reality.

To do this it must leave the theorist and go to another kind of man, a man with a more practical bent of mind.

This is the challenge for creative engineers and modern management: to turn ideas into realities. And today this work is more difficult than ever before.

For now the aerospace industry is called upon to engineer space ships that will travel thousands of miles from earth and return. It is called upon to develop rocket engines with the power of a million automobiles. It is called upon to produce electronic equipment that will last thousands of hours...to design antenna systems that can listen to stars billions of miles away...to produce electricity by nuclear power with increasing efficiency.

Even while you are reading this, the engineers of the aerospace industry are working toward



these objectives. They are creating functional ideas from broad theories. They are searching out the exact materials, equipment, systems, and components to suit their needs. Often in this search they must create their own answers.

Steadily, piece by piece, part by part, the finished whole begins to emerge. The prototypes are examined. Tests run. And finally the new system is complete—tested, proved, ready to use.

This is the work of men who turn ideas into reality. This is the work of men who are creating the products of tomorrow and the industries of the future.

This is the work of the practical men.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION



Divisions: Atomics International, Autonetics, Columbus, Los Angeles, Rocketdyne, Space & Information Systems

WORLD BUSINESS

COMMON MARKET Tit for Tat

Europe's Common Market is doing so well that it is now worrying outsiders, both friendly and otherwise. Nikita Khrushchev has been huffing and puffing against it, and Commonwealth nations have been warning Britain not to abandon them in her eagerness to join (see THE WORLD). The Latin American nations recently sent a delegation to Brussels to protest against a Common Market ruling that will impose a 16% duty on Latin American coffee but admit coffee from France's former African colonies duty-free.

But the most decisive display of the Common Market's new sense of self-confident power was directed against the U.S. last week. Voting for the first retaliatory tariff in the market's four-year history, its six members—France, Germany, Italy and the Benelux nations—doubled their duties on a variety of U.S. plastics and textiles, and also raised tariffs on some paints. The move was in frank reprisal for President Kennedy's decision last March to boost U.S. tariffs on imported carpets and glass of a variety largely produced in Belgium. The Belgians protested that Kennedy's action would mean less work for 10,000 Belgian factory hands, and Washington's offer to compensate by cutting tariffs on a still secret list of other European products was dismissed by the Common Market as inadequate.

In deciding to retaliate against the protectionist U.S. chemical and textile industries, Common Market Eurocrats may well have been playing a little international politics. These industries have been less than enthusiastic about the new U.S. Trade Expansion bill, which would give President Kennedy sweeping powers to negotiate lower tariffs—and which comes up for debate in the House next week. The new European duties will affect \$2.7 million worth of U.S. chemical and textile exports, and if chemical and textile producers hope to hold onto their European markets, they may now have to liberalize their position on tariffs. Last week's tit-for-tat action by the Common Market is a clear warning against further U.S. lapses into protectionism, and a bold suggestion that the U.S. has scant choice but to accommodate its trade laws to the new economic realities of a resurgent Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Half & Halfer

Sinking ever deeper into the red as more and more transatlantic passengers switched to planes, Britain's famed old Cunard line two years ago decided to take to the air itself. With blessing of the British government's Air Transport Licensing Board, Cunard bought up the small Bermuda-Nassau-England Eagle Airways, renamed it Cunard Eagle, ordered itself some expensive jets and pre-

pared to fly as well as sail the Atlantic. At that point, another agency of the British government objected. Air Minister Peter Thorneycroft vetoed the idea on the ground that the government-owned British Overseas Airways Corp. was already losing money (\$36.4 million in 1961) on the route, and would suffer more from the added competition.

Last week the impasse between the two



BROCKLEBANK & SLATTERY
Creating an odd kind of bird.

companies was broken when BOAC Chairman Sir Matthew Slattery and Cunard Chairman Sir John Brocklebank shook hands on a compromise settlement. They formed a new subsidiary, BOAC-Cunard, which will handle transatlantic flights for both. The company will be an odd new kind of corporate bird for England—70% government-owned (BOAC), 30% privately owned (Cunard). London's *Daily Mail* called it "the half and halfer—a curious affair." The Labor Party's aviation expert, Fred Lee, wanted to know whether, under the new arrangement, "the taxpayer is going to subsidize Cunard losses," a point that no one really knows the answer to yet.

THE PHILIPPINES

The Commuter

In his air-conditioned headquarters next to Manila's presidential palace, a portly aristocrat in an immaculate white suit caught up with the business at hand. With imperious dispatch, Don Andres Soriano, 64, decided on the gift boxes that his company will use next Christmases, studied the experimental strains of barley that he hopes to grow in the Mindanao highlands, and okayed production schedules for a new instant-coffee plant near Manila. That done, he got set to fly to New York to complete negotiations with International Paper Co. for construc-

tion of a jointly owned wood pulp and paper mill—the first in the Philippines.

A tireless concern for detail, plus a flair for profitable experimentation, has made tough, touchy Andres Soriano one of the Philippines' top-ranking tycoons, with an estimated personal fortune of \$50 million. All told, Soriano controls or has a major interest in 14 companies ranging from Philippine radio and TV stations to breweries in Hong Kong and Spain and a fishing business in Borneo. Last year, the major firms controlled by his A. Soriano & Co. netted \$6,400,000 on sales of \$74.8 million. Since World War II, his enterprises have averaged a breathtaking 35% annual return on invested capital.

Altering the Pattern. In Soriano's lifetime, the Philippines have begun the transition from a feudal agricultural society to a modern industrialized economy, and Soriano has been a leader in the process. Born in Manila in the year that the U.S. took over the islands, he came of a sugar-rich Spanish colonial family and at 21 was installed as acting manager of a family enterprise—the San Miguel brewery. But the traditional Philippine pattern of easy enjoyment of inherited wealth was not for Soriano. From the brewery, he expanded into the soft-drink business, then set up a plant to make bottles for his beverages and opened a silica mine to provide the raw materials for the glass.

Soriano likes to say that business "must help the country," and he has played a major role in developing such Philippine resources as gold, iron, copper and lumber, as well as in the development of local industry to capitalize on those resources. With a far-sightedness rare among Philippine capitalists, he has shared some of the fruits of his prosperity with his 16,000 employees. As early as 1918, he set up a pension plan that paid retired employees 25% of their salary, and followed it with guaranteed sick leaves and medical benefits. "Don Andres," says a fellow Manila businessman, "has a modern mind."

The Cost of Anger. Soriano's modernity has its limits. Many of his employee benefits seem at least partly designed to keep his workers out of unions—which are anathema to Soriano. And his aristocratic hauteur has provoked resentments that are slow to die. A Spanish citizen by birth, Soriano supported the Franco regime in the 1930s, and when he became a Philippine citizen in 1941 was denounced by some Filipinos as a Fascist advance man. The charge cut so deeply that in 1945 Soriano angrily switched to U.S. citizenship—to which he was entitled because of his World War II service as a colonel on General MacArthur's staff.

His U.S. citizenship haunted Soriano last year during a bitter battle with rival Manila Capitalist Eugenio Lopez over the management of Philippine Air Lines, which Soriano organized in 1941. Attacked as a foreigner guilty of monopolistic profiteering, Soriano lost his temper during



ANDRES SORIANO
Modern up to a point.

a Senate hearing on his management of P.A.L. and incautiously snapped out: "A thief thinks everyone else is a thief." The Senate committee issued a report implying that some of Soriano's other enterprises had been overcharging P.A.L. for their services—whereupon Soriano gave up operating the airline. But his withdrawal has not kept him out of the air. Keeping a sharp eye on all his scattered enterprises, Soriano commutes between the Philippines, Hong Kong, the U.S., and Spain. Says Son José, 37: "He has a residence in Manila, a domicile in New York—and he lives in an airplane."

THE FAR EAST

A Sort of Tribute

From Manila to Bangkok these days, anyone who needs a tube of toothpaste has his choice of a baker's dozen of red-and-white packaged brands with remarkably similar names: Coalgate, Goalgate, Goldkey, Goldecat and Goldrat. The fact that all these ring like the name of the world's bestselling toothpaste—Colgate—is no coincidence. With the indulgent tolerance of Asian governments, most notably in Formosa, hustling commercial pirates are cashing in all over the Far East by duplicating U.S. consumer products—at least on the outside.

The look-alike brands, which usually sell for less than half the price of the U.S. original, cover a wide spectrum. They include Yalf locks, N & N chocolates, Del Mundo catsup, Pang's (Pond's) cold cream, Sehning (Schering) drugs, and no fewer than five imitations—Hotex, Potex, Katex, Mytex and Nestex—of another familiar U.S. product.

The piracy costs U.S. companies several millions a year in lost sales, but some U.S. businessmen in the Far East consider it a backhanded tribute to the competitive strength of U.S. goods. Confesses one Formosan drug maker: "If our product does not look like the U.S. original, we cannot sell it."

CANADA

Harvesting the World

Five years ago Toronto's Massey-Ferguson Ltd. was on the brink of bankruptcy. Dragged down by unwieldy inventories and a slumbering dealer network, the 115-year-old implement manufacturer in 1957 lost \$4,700,000 on \$400 million worth of sales in five continents. This week Massey-Ferguson will happily report on its performance for the first half of fiscal 1962. With business up 15%, the company is expected to show sales of about \$263 million and profits well above last year's first half net of \$6,000,000. The secret of this rejuvenation: a change in corporate philosophy, which has converted Massey-Ferguson into one of the world's handful of genuinely international manufacturing concerns.

The Mature Market. The machinery firm that Ontario Farmer Daniel Massey founded in 1947 grew with the U.S. and Canadian West, scored a major competitive triumph in 1939 by producing the first self-propelled combine. In the lush years just after World War II, it made fat profits on the strength of pent-up demand for farm equipment, but as demand shrank, it piled up a \$182 million inventory of unsold machines.

What saved the firm was the intervention in 1956 of Argus Corp. Ltd., an aggressive Canadian investment trust. Argus, after getting a controlling interest in the company, put in as president Albert A. Thornbrough, a one-time farm boy from Kansas who was one of the assets Massey acquired when it merged with British Inventor Harry Ferguson's tractor company in 1953. Thornbrough promptly set the company on a new course. North American farms, he reasoned, were now so heavily mechanized that they must be considered a "mature" market. The real growth opportunity lay in the rest of the world, where agriculture was still heavily dependent on human labor.

* The Massey family sold most of its holdings in the company in 1926. Among Daniel's grandsons: Broadway Actor Raymond Massey and his half-brother Vincent Massey, Governor General of Canada from 1952 to 1959.

A New Design. Massey already had a global network of distributors and assembly plants. But Thornbrough thought that M-F could make more money and keep better control of its product if it built its own manufacturing organizations around the world. In 1959 M-F took over Perkins, Ltd. of Peterborough, England, a company from which it had been buying 160,000 diesel engines a year. It quickly followed that with the purchase of the Standard Motor Co.'s tractor factories in Coventry, England, and in France, then expanded into Italy, South Africa, India and Brazil. Today the company operates 26 factories in nine countries, manufactures 80% of what it sells v. only 25% in 1956. Design has been so meticulously standardized, says Thornbrough, that "we can get an engine from Peterborough, transmissions from Coventry, rear axles and hydraulics from France and fit them in with other parts in Detroit, India or Brazil, and make a completely assembled tractor to specifications."

The result of Thornbrough's accent on overseas markets has been spectacular: Massey-Ferguson is now No. 1 in farm implement sales in Britain, France and Scandinavia and accounts for virtually the entire tractor market in such emerging nations as Ghana, Ceylon and Nigeria. Thornbrough has also revitalized Massey's U.S. distribution system with aggressive new dealers and installed a centralized computer control system to keep track of spare parts across the continent. M-F has climbed from seventh place in North American implement sales in 1957 to third (after Deere & Co. and International Harvester) today.

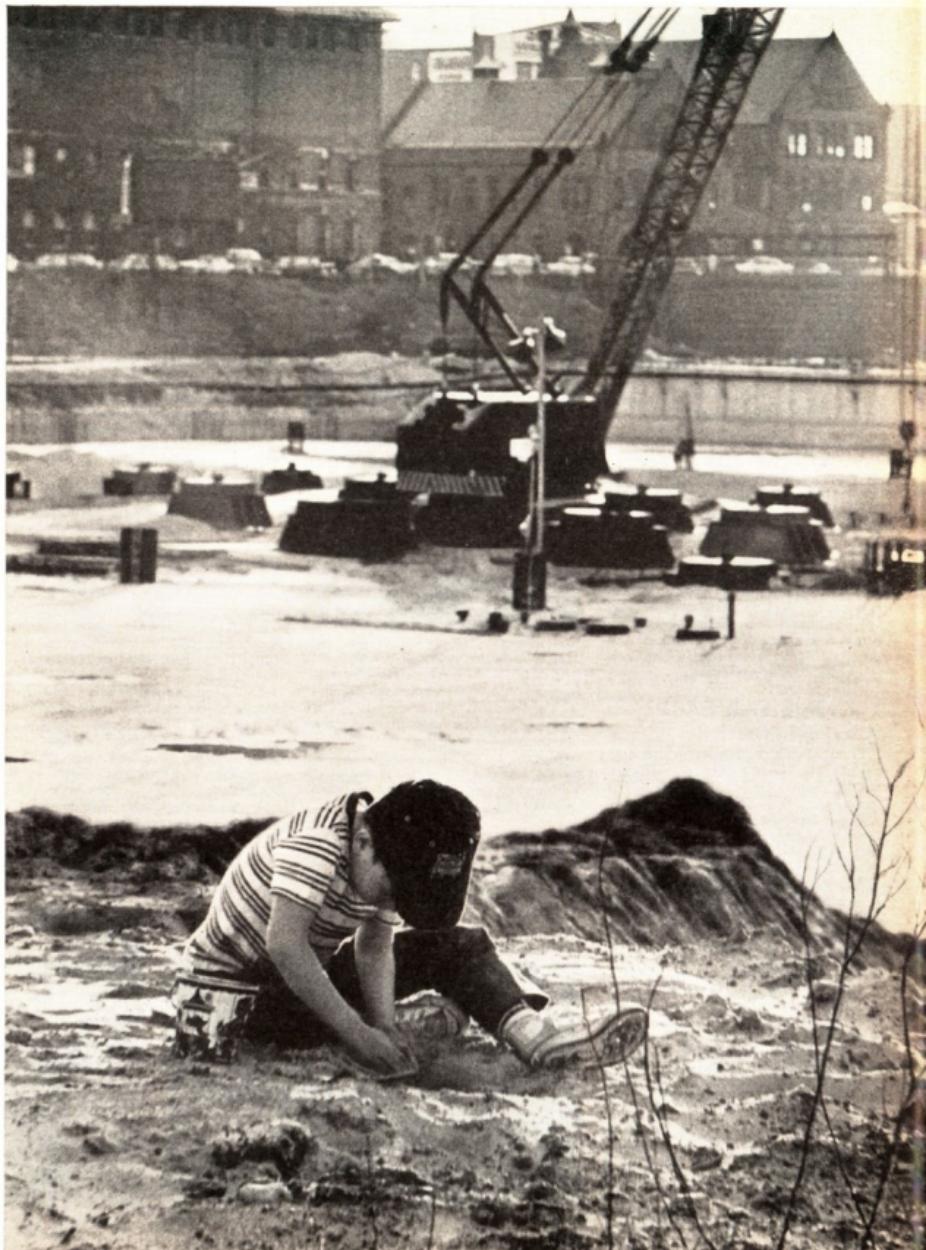
One-Stop Shopping. Last year Massey formed a jointly owned corporation with Kansas City's Butler Manufacturing Co., a producer of farm buildings, storage and grain-handling equipment. For the new corporation M-F executives cherish vaulting ambitions. One day, they hope, it will offer the world's hungry emerging nations one-stop agricultural shopping in a kind of vast supermarket capable of supplying a farmer with all his needs: implements, farm buildings, seed, fertilizer and free expert advice.



MASSEY-FERGUSON CANE HARVESTERS
Ambitions to serve the hungry.



DENNIS RAYES





How to dig a hole

Pick a small boy.

Give him a shovel. Or plan a bigger tomorrow for him.

That can lead to digging a hole like this one: site of the largest, private, commercial-building venture in American history by a single owner (covering twice the area of New York's Rockefeller Center).

It is the vast new *Prudential Center*—set squarely in the heart of Boston, to keep pace with the extraordinary surge of New England's new growth.

But the area's booming burst of steel and stone, answers only a fraction of the challenge every child creates for us:

Will the America you pass on to me be greater, or weaker, than the America that was given to you?

Any honest answer must certainly cover the community of the mind as well as of stone; must serve all our needs to lift ourselves; to think, to work, to worship, to buy, to enjoy.

It's quite a target.

Yet it closely defines the daily target of WBZ-TV, Boston: to serve and stretch the "community

of the mind", throughout two-thirds of all New England.

It is a goal firmly anchored in the great responsibilities of television's unique power to reach and move people.

The dimensions of both goal and responsibility are measured by the fact that more New England families are reached regularly by WBZ-TV than are reached by any other medium.

It is for them WBZ-TV fills its 20 hour working-day with its news, its editorials, its studies of the community and world, its entertainment, its advertising.

These are rooted in the spirit and zest of today's busy New England, which WBZ-TV is proud to serve as a mirror...as a voice...as a prime-mover of ideas, goods...and people.



WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

WBZ + WBZA, WBZ-TV, Boston; KDKA, KDKA-TV, Pittsburgh; WJZ-TV, Baltimore; KYW, KYW-TV, Cleveland; WOWO, Fort Wayne; WIND, Chicago; KEX, Portland; KPIX, San Francisco.

BOOKS

The Grey Plague

LETTING GO (630 pp.)—Philip Roth—
Random House (\$5.95).

Perhaps writers should solve the second-book problem the way architects solve the 13th-floor problem. By skipping directly from first book to third, an author could avoid the mantraps invariably laid for the second: his own crippling desire to pile wonder upon wonder; and the phenomenon of suddenly small-hearted critics, eager to deflate what they



GEORGE W. BLACK

NOVELIST ROTH
Enveloped in the spreading drabness.

can no longer discover. By the third book, of course, the writer has seen his limits, and forgiving critics are willing to let him develop at his own pace.

Now it is Philip Roth who faces the ordeal. His first book, *Goodbye, Columbus*, published three years ago when he was 27, won him a National Book Award and justified acclaim as the best American short storyist to appear since Salinger. It was a sour, funny look at Jewish life in the U.S., and the only doubt critics had was whether an author capable of such superb genre-painting would ever trouble himself to attempt the bigger (and presumably more important) picture.

The new work is a bigger book, although not perhaps a bigger or better picture. *Letting Go* is a long, sober novel, mostly about the uncertainties of the university young (some Jewish, some gentle, none religious). Despite serious flaws, it is one of the better works of fiction published this year. The author's eye and ear have few equals, and on every page the reader knows that he is in the presence of a writer.

A Moral Flounder. Gabe Wallach is the novel's hero and its most troublesome shortcoming. The son of a well-to-do New

York dentist, Gabe is an intelligent, joyless, bored young man who is a scholar more by default than vocation. When the reader first sees him, he is a graduate student at the University of Iowa (this most irksome course is, naturally, Anglo-Saxon—a sly touch of the kind Roth is best at). There Gabe meets Paul and Libby Herz, a morose young couple living in a water-stained barracks apartment furnished chiefly with smudged paper—ungraded exams, piled paperbacks, Utrillo reproduction tacked to the wall. Their poverty is merely the standard lower academic kind, but the Herzes are more than usually miserable. He is Jewish, she was born Catholic, and their bitter parents cut off both love and loans when they married. Worse, Libby is a sickly girl, the sort whose pale beauty is best set off by fever, and whose malfunctioning organs—kidneys, in her case—take on a presence of their own in the house, like an old aunt's false teeth or an off-duty cop's revolver.

Gabe becomes obsessed with Libby. Contemptuously, Paul Herz gives him a chance to attempt adultery. But Gabe is a moral sort of flounderer, and Libby seems inviolate in her weakness, the more so when Gabe learns that she had an abortion because she and Paul could not afford a baby.

Gabe and Libby kiss, once. But the misery lingers on, through a trifling affair Gabe has with a girl in Iowa and a serious romance with a divorcee in Chicago. Probably because of Gabe's early numbment by Libby, the second affair ends disastrously. Gabe quits teaching and wanders to Europe, dismayed at his spiritual paralysis and bitter, finally, at Libby and her twining weakness.

Flashes, Then Fog. The book ends, therefore, exactly where it began: with a gloomy young man who does not like himself or the world, and does not know why. The sole change in Gabe after 600 pages is that he realizes somewhat more clearly the fact (though not the explanation) of his malaise. Page by page, the novel is a rare pleasure to read: the author's strong, astringent style is always under sure control, and his ability to develop and sustain a characterization is astonishing. But there must be some failure of art when every character in the book is more clearly drawn, more comprehensible and more interesting than the hero—and when the hero grows muddier, not clearer, as the book progresses. In fact, Libby runs away with the book. Perhaps *Letting Go* should have been her novel; certainly the narrative comes fully to life only when she is present.

But the major reason for the novel's uncertain mood is that it tries, unsuccessfully, to deal with the 20th century's grey plague—a paralysis of the apparatus that detects meaning in life. Greyness of spirit is what one writes about these days; fair enough. But the author's view of things must not be greyed. And in *Letting Go*, after a few fine satirical flashes at the

beginning, Roth becomes bogged in solemnity whenever he tries to assess his dreary hero.

Letting Go must finally be counted a failure, although it is a failure of a quality few writers could achieve. Novelist Roth joins a select and puzzling company of young American writers—among them John Knowles (*A Separate Peace*), whose second novel was disappointing, and John Updike, whose last few books have been second ones. Roth's similar floundering raises the question: Will the spreading greyness continue to muffle all the best new voices?

Bryher Patch

THE HEART TO ARTEMIS (316 pp.)—
Bryher—Harcourt, Brace & World
(\$5.75).

The doughty little Englishwoman known as Bryher—in 1920 she changed her name from Winifred Ellerman—lives in Switzerland, where she has written a series of brisk, gnomic historical novels (*Roman Wall*, *Ruan*). Bryher seems to have had a full life of missed opportunities. She is the daughter and sister of millionaires. Her father, Sir John Reeves Ellerman, rose from stock clerk to owner of a vast shipping fortune. By shrewd investment, her brother John—a skittish recluse whose sole passion is the study of rodent anatomy—has become Britain's richest man. Winifred and John quarreled bitterly after their father died, have not spoken to each other in 30 years.

After publication of her first novel, Bryher was quickly accepted in the best literary circles. She was a friend and traveling companion of Poetess Hilda Doolittle; Ezra Pound tried vaguely to seduce her; in Paris she dined with Gide and Joyce and Gertrude Stein.

Judging by this petulant, priggish and reticent autobiography, Bryher seems to have been daydreaming through most of



ISLAY LYONS, CAPRI
AUTOBIOGRAPHER BRYHER
Lost in priggish memory.



A burglary every 39 seconds. A robbery every 6 minutes. And over \$4 million stolen every day by

THE WHITE COLLAR THIEF

He has no previous criminal record. He wouldn't dream of robbing a super-market. He's probably a respected member of the community . . . and a trusted employee. That's exactly what makes the white collar thief so dangerous. Last year alone, businessmen throughout the country reported over one half billion dollars was stolen by employees. Unreported losses are believed to be more than double that sum!

Any business of any size can suffer

Any business with more than one employee can be a victim of infinite varieties of employee dishonesty. (From simple fake bookkeeping entries to elaborate and intricate dummy punch-card systems.) What's worse, many of these thefts won't be discovered until years later.

How your business can be protected

There is no known way to completely stop employee embezzlement. However, your business can be protected against such losses with Hartford Fidelity Bond coverage. It not only insures your business in case there is a loss, but also acts as a deterrent to white collar thieves, who will hesitate to steal when they know they are bonded. Such a Fidelity Bond can be written for any amount to cover one employee or every em-

ployee, depending on the needs of your particular business.

Who would steal \$6,000 worth of feathers?

The White Collar Thief works on the inside. But what about outsiders? Today's "career criminal" steals *to order*. His target is specific merchandise that he knows *beforehand* he can sell. Recently, Hartford paid a \$6,000 burglary loss on *feathers*! This was not just happenstance: The burglars set out specifically to steal feathers. Another example was the theft of \$23,000 worth of butter. Such a perishable product is a highly unlikely target for robbery unless there is a ready market. Obviously no business is immune from losses of this kind.

Hartford now offers simplified broad-coverage crime insurance

Whether your business needs security from employee thefts . . . inside and outside holdup insurance . . . burglary coverage for money, equipment, raw materials, or finished merchandise . . . The Hartford has a plan to cover your needs. Your Hartford Agent is equipped to give you the newest and broadest forms of crime protection. For the business having a wide range of exposures to crime loss, he can provide special policies

that combine the newest and broadest protection into a single convenient and economical "package".

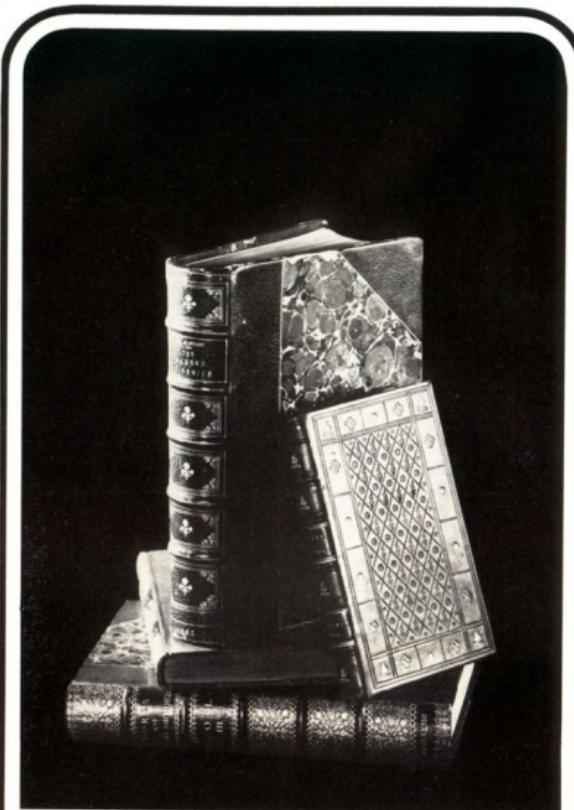
For expert counsel on determining your needs and how best to meet them, call on your local Hartford Agent. Look for his listing under Hartford Insurance in the Yellow Pages, or wherever you see the familiar Hartford Stag. If you have your own insurance broker, ask him about Hartford crime insurance service.



THE HARTFORD INSURANCE GROUP

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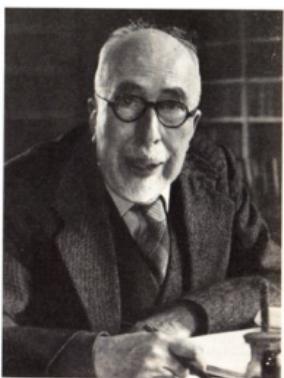


EDUCATION

Next to national defense, education is the largest single enterprise in the U.S. In the fall of 1961, more than 49 million people—more than one-fourth of the total population—were enrolled in the nation's schools and colleges. By 1970 this figure is expected to be over 60 million. The people who head this enormous enterprise and make decisions that affect millions of others are among TIME's most interested readers. College presidents, private school headmasters, high school principals, state education officials vote TIME the most important magazine in the U.S. today. In education, as in every important field, TIME serves the U.S. Leadership Community.

TIME

her encounters with the personalities who made modern literature. She recalls almost nothing of her talks with James Joyce or William Butler Yeats. She was invited often to the salon of Gertrude Stein, but spent most of the time in the corner, gossiping—about what, she does not say—with Alice B. Toklas. When that masterful raconteur Norman (*South Wind*) Douglas asked her to hike with him across Italy, Bryher thought of the disgrace of failure—and said no. Introduced to André Gide, Bryher had so little to say that the Great Man cut short the interview by autographing a copy of his latest novel and, in obvious relief, rushed away.



FRANK SWINNERTON
Perfection, overshadowed.

Mandarin & Mucker

DEATH OF A HIGHBROW (256 pp.)—
Frank Swinnerton—Doubleday (\$4.50).

A quiet voice on the BBC announced that Tom Curtal was dead. In his darkened study, over a supper of claret and dry biscuits, 79-year-old Graham Stanhope was at first shocked, then breathed in relief. "Thank God! Thank God!" With Curtal dead, Stanhope became Britain's unchallenged grand old man of letters. Best of all, he was finally freed of the terror of Curtal's malicious pen.

Thunderous Picnic. The death ended a literary vendetta as implacable as any feud in the Kentucky hills. Tall, handsome Stanhope and rude, arrogant Curtal spent a lifetime competing for women, fame, friends, disciples and the minds of men. Atheist, lecher and revolutionary, Curtal had been an "unquenchable noise" ranting against society with books as poorly argued as they were eloquent. With an egotist's insight into the vanities of other men, he had jeered at Stanhope as "the honest Iago, who kept his finger wet to catch the faintest wind of change"—a verbal wound that still bled after 40 years.

Where Curtal was "like thunder at a picnic," Stanhope resembled high tea under the vicar's elms. Born into the Estab-

lishment and determined to stay there. Stanhope found the leisure to write poetry and critical appreciations of Corneille by marrying wealthy Adelaide ("A good wife. An invaluable partner. Such a relief when she died"). Stanhope was not without weapons: his unflappable poise was buttressed by arctic sarcasm that could descend to Curtal as the "idol of mediocrity" who picked up other men's ideas as a robin does crumbs.

Angry Bastard. Unruffled, and showing no scars, Stanhope is prepared to play the game by mouthing conventional praise of the dead Curtal on a BBC memorial program. But he is not prepared for Curtal's illegitimate son, an angry young man who is writing his father's biography and comes to probe the old antagonism. Curtal died, his son tells Stanhope, by laughing himself into a fatal hemorrhage while mimicking Stanhope's mandarin manner. The son's brutal questions lead Stanhope back into a past as dangerous as a minefield, where every step triggers explosive insights and revelations. By the final pages, Stanhope has progressed from prig to pitiful human. As his own life ebbs, he slowly realizes that Curtal's death had lost him not a hated enemy but a warm friend.

Veteran Author Frank Swinnerton is 78, about the same age as the leading character in this new novel, which is his 35th and one of his finest. A friend of such giants as Bernard Shaw, E. M. Forster and John Galsworthy, Swinnerton's talent was somehow overshadowed by his contemporaries. H. G. Wells ruefully confessed to Arnold Bennett that Swinnerton "achieves a perfection that you and I never get within streets of." In *Death of a Highbrow*, the perfection is still evident in the cool, muscular style, and in his merciless view of man's behavior relieved by what Bennett called Swinnerton's "mysterious touch of fundamental benevolence."

Also Current

THE PRIZE, by Irving Wallace [768 pp.; Simon & Schuster; \$5.95]. "Truth and honesty," proclaims Irving Wallace, are the pure, white lights that guide his path as novelist. *The Chapman Report* concerned the sexual shenanigans of a band of interviewers and interviewees

taking part in a Kinsey-like study, and brought him fame and \$250,000 so far from the American rights alone, including a Hollywood sale. But Wallace insists that sincerity was the mark of his bedside manner. He says that he recoils when people stare at him as if they saw on his face "the leer of a sex-mad ogre, and worse, far worse, the bloated, unnatural look of the crass commercialist."

In his latest example of sincere sex, for which he has already received \$320,000 from his publisher and M-G-M, Wallace has sportingly given himself a heavy handicap: his subject is the men and women who win the Nobel Prize, but Wallace's intellectual giants have feet of such soft clay that they find it difficult to stay upright for longer than a chapter. They tumble into bed with all the verve of the casual Californians in *The Chapman Report*.

One scene sets the mood. A French chemist has just begun to make love to his mistress, a Balenciaga model, of course, when the phone jangles on the bedside table. On the wire is his wife, also a chemist, who utters a line for the ages: "Pull your pants on and come home. The press is on its way—we've just won the Nobel Prize."

THE CONVERSATIONS, by Harry Mathews [182 pp.; Random House; \$3.50]. This first novel by a young poet is an ambitious montage of word play, newspaper lists and fantasies: it all hangs together after a fashion, but some of the pieces might better have stood alone. The main story line concerns the hero's search for the significance of an ancient adze, but some of the meanderings are more interesting. The rapt admirers of a Spanish bullfighter receive stigmata-like wounds in whatever part of the body their hero is gored. A New York gangster discovers that certain cactus spines are powerfully narcotic; one day he falls into a truckload of the cacti, is impaled on the spines, and dies of an overdose. In a strangely gripping passage, Mathews describes a heaven from which God has been banished. Its inhabitants run things as they did on earth; the rich and powerful are welcomed, the poor and weak are persecuted. Mathews deftly turns everyday life into a lurid nightmare. His symbolism is brilliant in fragments, but it spreads through the novel like crab grass and tends to choke the narrative.

THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS, by Alistair MacLean [301 pp.; Doubleday; \$3.95]. If Hollywood did not have Gregory Peck, it would be madness to think of converting this novel into a movie. Alistair MacLean's heroes are not only larger than life—they are a sort of flea's-eye view of the Colossus at Rhodes. An earlier book that MacLean sold to the movies was *The Guns of Navarone*.

The present colossus is the first officer of a British passenger-cargo ship that is hijacked in the Caribbean by desperate Latinos who wear beards and berets but are not called Cubans. The desperados intend to intercept another vessel which



CLAYTON EVANS

ALISTAIR MACLEAN
Writer, haggard.

is bringing back from Europe some of the gold that has lately been flowing out of Fort Knox. First Officer Carter is soon up to his stripes in heroism. With three bullet holes in his leg, he dangles over the side of the ship, plumb into the water, is dragged along at twelve knots through hurricane seas while he hunts for another rope, then shinies up the side and really goes into action. Storyteller all the way, MacLean as a stylist might well be catalogued as a writer, haggard. His dialogue runs to lines like "There's mayhem and murder aboard." His plot is both grippingly suspenseful and patently ridiculous, but ends with a supratitanic bang.

THE SHAPES OF SLEEP, by J. B. Priestley [215 pp.; Doubleday; \$3.75]. "I've had to act a character out of an American paperback," says Ben Sterndale. "In my room there should be a blonde with a bottle of bourbon." Ben is the tender-tough hero of a new British hardbound—a lighthearted attempt at mystery writing by famed Englishman of Letters J. B. Priestley. As it happens, the blonde is waiting, but not with bourbon. From the time when she sandbagged Ben with a gin bottle wrapped in a face towel until they fall into a clinch at the fadeout, it is hard to tell if the author is serving up good bottled-in-James Bond stuff or just trying to provide Spillane with another mickey. More nearly, the former.



IRVING WALLACE
Sex, sincere.



J. B. PRIESTLEY
Blonde, unbourboned.

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Merrill's Marauders. In its underkeyed account of jungle fighting and jungle horror, this semi-documentary film signs with honor the ordeal of 3,000 U.S. volunteers fighting behind Japanese lines in Burma.

The Miracle Worker. Anne Bancroft as Teacher Sullivan and Patty Duke as the child Helen Keller re-create their Broadway roles in what is possibly the most moving double performance ever recorded on film.

A Taste of Honey. Playwright Shelagh Delaney's story of a wise child in the Lancashire slums who knows her own mother and is determined to know herself. Rita Tushingham makes the heroine a kind of Oliver Twist in a maternity dress.

Jules and Jim. Director François Truffaut's story of three young people in Paris is so spontaneous, sincere, generous, and natural that a spectator who sits down to watch it feeling old and dry may rise up feeling young and green.

The Counterfeit Traitor. An expert spy thriller about an Allied agent in Sweden during World War II.

Five Finger Exercise probes the hurts in a blighted family that has risen from rags to wretchedness.

Sweet Bird of Youth. This sleazy affair between a Hollywood beach bum (Paul Newman) and an aging cimarama (Geraldine Page) makes a good movie melo-drama out of a tiresome Tennessee Williams play.

TELEVISION

Wed., June 13

Howard K. Smith: News & Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.) Summary of the week's most important items, with analysis.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Brinkley focuses on the mental problems of Manhattan dwellers. Color.

Thurs., June 14

Accent (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Descendants of the earliest American Negro slaves, now living on the Georgia Sea Islands, are studied. John Ciardi is host, guest is Folk Musicologist Alan Lomax.

Golden Showcase (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). World premiere of Igor Stravinsky's dance drama *Noah and the Flood*, choreographed by George Balanchine, starring Laurence Harvey, Sebastian Cabot, Elsa Lanchester and the New York City Ballet.

Fri., June 15

Germany: Fathers and Sons (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). An examination of the "barrier of silence" between Germans who lived under Hitler and the younger generation who have grown up since the fall of the Third Reich.

Sun., June 17

Directions '62 (ABC, 3-3:30 p.m.). A tour through the starkly modern Dominican monastery, La Tourette, which was designed by Le Corbusier.

Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Lee Marvin stars in a science-fiction fantasy based on an H.G. Wells short story about a prospector who is swept by an

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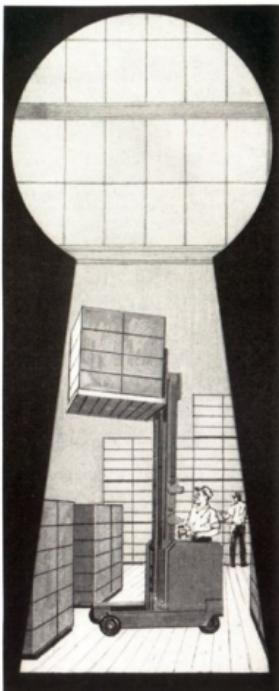


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(SEE BACK COVER)



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Mon., June 18

I've Got a Secret (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). This durable regular celebrates its tenth anniversary on the air.

THEATER

On Broadway

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum. This musical marriage of vaudeville and burlesque has been gamely adapted from Plautus; the girls owe their best lines to nature; and Zero Mostel is master of the hilarious revels.

A Thousand Clowns, by Herb Gardner. Playwriting about nonconformism is the conformist thing to do these days. Fortunately, Herb Gardner brings verve, humor, and a freshly observant eye to the subject, and his cast, headed by Jason Robards Jr., could scarcely be improved upon.

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams. Four people work out their tormented destinies on a Mexican veranda in this New York Drama Critics Circle prize play. For sustained dramatic power, tension and beauty, the second-act scenes between Margaret Leighton and Patrick O'Neal are unequalled on the current Broadway stage.

A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt. This New York Drama Critics Circle prize foreign play focuses on a man who would rather lose his life than his soul. Paul Scofield seems to body forth all the virtues of Sir Thomas More.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying slyly paints a mustache on the corporate image. Robert Morse powers this musical with his ebullient portrayal of an Orr Man rocketing to the top.

Off Broadway

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad, by Arthur Kopit. An evening of surrealistic foilder on the topic of why Mom is a witch. Goofy, oomphy Barbara Harris is the Lolita of off-Broadway.

RECORDS

Verdi: Aida (Leontyne Price, Rita Gorr, Jon Vickers, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi; Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus; Georg Solti conducting; RCA Victor, 3 LPs). Soprano Price is the special glory of this excellent recording; her Aida is moving in torment and tigerish in passion, and her voice is consistently amazing—loose, luminous and capable of cleaving with unwavering accuracy through the massed choral and orchestral sound.

Richard Strauss: Enoch Arden (Glenn Gould, pianist, and Claude Rains, reader; Columbia). The piano score Strauss wrote, at 26, for Tennyson's lavendered lines was little more than a parody—unconscious but fascinating—of the descriptive programmatic style the composer later brought to his symphonic poems. Gould and Rains perform the "Melodrama for Piano" with appropriate bravura.

William Sydeman: Seven Movements for Septet (Composers Recordings). An invigorating, consistently intriguing chamber work that in the course of its many moods proceeds, by its composer's testimony, "from anger to near hysteria" while surveying a gaudy world of sound few

listeners will ever have encountered. Composer Sydeman, 34, has an ear for perky rhythms and a flair for arresting ideas that stamp him as one of the most talented of U.S. newcomers.

Schumann: Carnaval (Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano; Decca). One of the great practitioners of the grand style of piano playing releases all the passion and song in a composer he knew well.

Mahler: Symphony No. 3 (Martha Lipman, mezzo-soprano; the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting; Columbia, 2 LPs). As fine an interpretation as Mahler's mammoth, six-movement "musical poem" is likely to get. The choral and orchestral effects are never blurred or muddled, and Bernstein's reading is radiant—a beautifully scaled celebration of the music's moods.

Mendelssohn: Trio in D Minor (Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; Alexander Schneider, violin; Pablo Casals, cello; Columbia). A recording of the Nov. 13, 1961 White House concert that honored Pablo Casals. The performance, as expected, was worthy of the occasion. Casals' uncanny control, and the unfaltering warmth of his tone, will be the envy of cellists one-half the master's 85 years.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Reivers, by William Faulkner. In a marvelously comic book, the sage of Yoknapatawpha County matches Mark Twain as a teller of tall stories, laces his narrative with agreeable anecdote.

Saint Francis, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The late great Greek novelist restores agony of soul to a saint too often portrayed as sickly sweet.

An Unofficial Rose, by Iris Murdoch. The romantic lower depths of Britain's upper classes intricately explored by an artful philosopher-novelist.

The Wax Boom, by George Mandel. A complex, absorbing narrative about a hard-driven infantry company in combat.

Patriotic Gore, by Edmund Wilson. A searching study of Northern and Southern writers as they reacted to the brutalities of the Civil War.

Ship of Fools, by Katherine Anne Porter. A brilliant, uncompromising portrait of human folly afloat and ashore.

Best Sellers

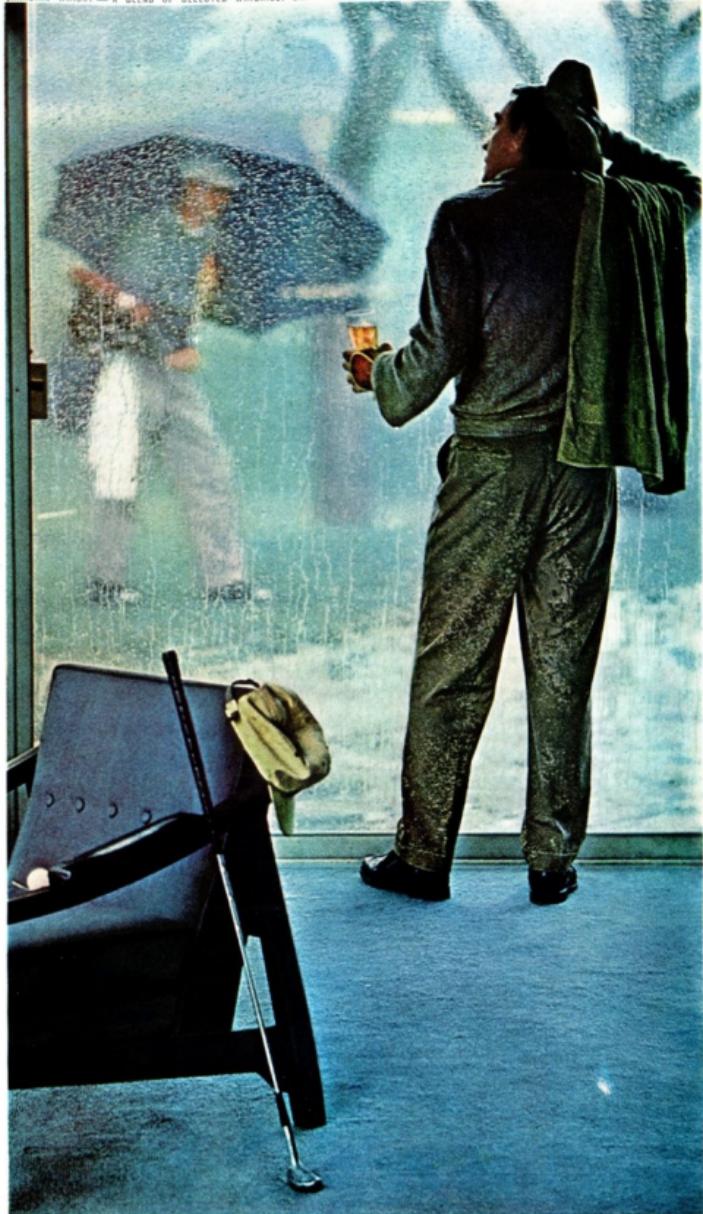
FICTION

1. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (1, last week)
2. **Franny and Zooey**, Salinger (2)
3. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (3)
4. **Youngblood Hawke**, Wouk (7)
5. **The Bull from the Sea**, Renault (4)
6. **The Fox in the Attic**, Hughes (5)
7. **A Prologue to Love**, Caldwell (6)
8. **Devil Water**, Seaton (8)
9. **Island**, Huxley
10. **The Spy Who Loved Me**, Fleming

NONFICTION

1. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (1)
2. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (3)
3. **Calories Don't Count**, Taller (2)
4. **In the Clearing**, Frost (6)
5. **Six Crises**, Nixon (5)
6. **The Guns of August**, Tuchman (4)
7. **O'Neill**, Arthur and Barbara Gelb (10)
8. **Scott Fitzgerald**, Turnball (8)
9. **The New English Bible** (9)
10. **Conversations with Stalin**, Djilas

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